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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Round-Table Conference has speeded up its work during the last week. Owing chiefly to Lord Sankey's ability and drive, and to Lord Reading's acceptance of the principle of responsibility in the Central Government, the main outline of a workable constitution has been agreed upon, and in happier circumstances there is no doubt that it would have proved acceptable to an overwhelming majority of educated and responsible Indians. The proposals entail a real transfer of responsibility to Indians, but avoid the fundamental error of the Congress Party which has always assumed that the Provinces of British India could form an administrative unit, and at their leisure coerce the Indian States to come under their control. It is, however, impossible not to feel some misgivings about the future. There are so many loose ends, which the Conference has not found time to tidy up, the worst being the question of Hindu Moslem representation. There has also been no time for any discussion about the very important question of the procedure by which the new constitution is to be brought into existence. There is bound to be considerable delay in bringing the States into a Federation, but many of the British Indian delegates object to the abolition of dyarchy and introduction of responsible government in the Provinces until this central transfer has been accomplished. With so many individuals and groups prepared to wreck any new constitution, there is a real danger that the delegates and others who wish to support it may not be strong enough to bring the scheme through the early stages.

It is clear that the Hindu and Moslem representatives, now in London, will not come to any agreement before the end of the Conference. There were at least four delegates whose presence made any settlement impossible, and even if an agreement had been reached with one or two dissentients, there is little doubt that it would have been promptly repudiated in India. The British Government will now be forced to do what it might have done a few weeks earlier, and state its intention of making its own arrangements in the absence of any settlement between the two groups. There will be, however, an interim period between the dissolution of the Conference and the introduction of a Government of India Bill, and this should enable the matter to be referred to arbitration in India. This proposal would meet with considerable support from all sides, and there should be no difficulty in finding a committee of two or three men who would act the part of the "honest broker." Certain names have been suggested by three Hindu delegates in a letter to the TIMES, these are: the Prime Minister, Lord Sankey, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mahatma Gandhi, and Professor Madariaga. Another proposal is that Lord Irwin should undertake this task, as his last duty before or immediately after the laying down of his office. There is, however, an obvious objection to this, for he is one of the signatories of the Government of India Dispatch, which contains specific proposals on this subject. The essential point is that the two religions should have a chance of coming to terms in the entirely new circumstances of knowing that a Federal Government is to be established, and that the new Federal Executive will be responsible to the Federal legislature.

It was hoped that the efforts of Mr. Graham, to which we referred last week, would have brought to a speedy termination the disastrous dispute in the South Wales coalfields. But, as we go to press, negotiations are still in progress. It was understood, at first, that Mr. Graham's intervention had saved the day, and that satisfactory terms of reference had been found for the Conciliation Board which it is now agreed shall be set up. Unfortunately, these terms of reference, on further examination, proved ambiguous. It was agreed that the Board should deal with wages; but the owners put a wide interpretation on these terms, while the miners insist that they have reference only to the adjustments necessitated by the shortening of the working day. The protracted negotiations which this misunderstanding has caused, and the obduracy shown by both sides, throw into strong relief the necessity for the setting up, in the industry, of effective arbitral machinery. The present dispute has already cost the miners some £500,000 in wages, and the owners some comparable sum (though it does not admit of precise calculation) in loss of trade and of opportunity for trade recovery. Our exports of coal last year were lower by 9 per cent. than our exports in 1929; our December exports were lower by 15 per cent. than those of the previous December. The moral of these figures needs no elaboration.

On the cotton front also there is only deadlock to report. Here, too, feverish negotiations are in progress. Mr. F. W. Leggett, of the Ministry of Labour, and two other skilled officials of the Ministry, are working day and night to resolve the dispute. At present, it is confined to Burnley, where about 18,000 weavers—three-quarters of those employed in the town—are either on strike or locked out. But unless some settlement is arrived at by the end of the week, the general lock-out threatened by the employers' associations will come into operation on Monday. It is obvious that such a lock-out, though even of short duration, would at this juncture have incalculably serious consequences. The occasion of the dispute, as we have already pointed out, is the workers' objection to the continuation or extension of the more-looms-to-a-worker system. The Bolton Weavers' and Winders' Association, in their quarterly report, have published their reasoned arguments against this system. They assert that its effect would be, not to reduce production costs, but to enhance them. But how can such a matter as this be determined by a stoppage of work in the industry? The procedure is just as relevant as was the mediæval *duellum* to the determination of guilt. Cannot a truce be called, while the facts at issue are assembled and reviewed to the satisfaction of both parties? If not, it is possible that some of the mills now closing down will not again be restarted.

Up to the time of writing every effort has been made to keep from the public any information in regard to Sir Charles Trevelyan's Conference on non-provided schools. Not even the names of those who have been summoned to the Conference have been announced. Nevertheless, the terms which Sir Charles Trevelyan has put before the Conference appear to have leaked out. It is apparently proposed to surrender to all the Catholic demands, with this change, that the 50 per cent. grant and 50 per cent. loan demanded by Mr. Scurr are to be changed to a grant up to 75 per cent. without any loan. The proposal, it is said, is to refer to all black-listed schools and to all Catholic and Church Schools in need of alteration. It is further stated that this proposal is to be accompanied by a measure of

control in regard to the appointment of teachers. The control of teachers proposed is so slight as to be entirely acceptable to the Roman Catholics. The local authorities are to possess the power of appointing teachers from panels submitted by the managers of the non-provided schools, and the non-provided schools are to preserve the right to appoint their own head teachers. Moreover, the surrender makes provision for a permanent settlement by which in future all repairs and extensions of non-provided schools will be paid for by the State. We confess that we find it difficult to believe that proposals of this nature can have been put forward by Sir Charles Trevelyan.

At a meeting of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance last week, Mr. C. W. G. Eady, Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, was examined on a remarkable memorandum presented by his Ministry on "Employment and Unemployment since 1920." This document brings out, more clearly than any previous statement that we have seen, the extent to which the real unemployment problem is obscured by the "Live Register" figures published each week.

"The Register, which is a count of the persons signing as unemployed each Monday, is a very sensitive instrument for recording almost any oscillation, however slight, in the employment market, and the easier the conditions for benefit, the more regularly these oscillations are recorded. But the aggregate figures... distinguish insufficiently between the types of unemployment; they exaggerate the extent of 'employment' in the ordinary non-statistical sense, and conceal the unemployment, which is a real social problem."

This is a restrained and moderate statement of the case which is proved up to the hilt in the Ministry's memorandum, and not the least of the counts against the present system of unemployment relief is that it fatally obscures the true nature of the unemployment problem.

The December Trade Returns, issued this week, afford materials for a preliminary comparison between 1929 and 1930. Measured in terms of money, the year's results are as follows, the figures in brackets being the corresponding totals for 1929: Imports, £1,045 millions (£1,221 millions); Re-exports, £87 millions (£110 millions); Retained Imports, £958 millions (£1,111 millions); U.K. Exports, £571 millions (£729 millions). The visible adverse balance (allowing for movements of coin and bullion) is £392 millions as compared with £366 millions last year. The falling off in trade is, of course, by no means as great as these price figures suggest. Precise comparison on any other basis is, however, not possible. But if we assume that prices, on the average, were lower by one-sixth in 1930 than in 1929—an assumption which is very near to the mark—our Imports, at 1929 values, would total £1,239 millions; our Retained Imports, £1,144 millions; and our Exports, £662 millions. This suggests that Imports, measured by volume, have increased by about 3 per cent., while Exports are down by about 8 per cent.

This widening gap between Imports and Exports is, of course, the most serious figure in our trading situation, and suggests that our credit balance on the year's transactions, when all the "invisible" factors are taken into account, will be reduced from £150 millions or thereabouts (Board of Trade estimate for 1930) to some such figure as £115 millions. Protectionists will, no doubt, make great play with the figures, in particular with a decline in Exports of manufactures from

£574 millions to £440 millions, while Retained Imports of manufactures have only declined from £305 millions to £283 millions. But here they will come up against two considerations to which it is hard to find an answer. To one we referred last week: that our Imports of "manufactures" are in the main the raw materials of our own industries. The other is this: that our protected industries show up extremely badly in the trade figures for the year. Our Exports of "manufactures" (measured by value) are 77 per cent. of our Exports last year. If we except cotton, however (and no one would pretend that we can protect the cotton industry), the figure is 80 per cent. But our Exports of protected manufactures (i.e., of goods "safeguarded" or sheltered by the McKenna duties) are down to 72 per cent. of the 1929 figure.

* * *

One of the most important items with which the Council of the League of Nations will have to deal at its meeting next week is the protest lodged by the German Government against various alleged infringements by Poland of the minority treaties governing the Polish Corridor and Polish Upper Silesia. The Minorities' question has, of course, been immensely exacerbated by recent excesses, not only in the Corridor and Upper Silesia, but particularly by the violence and brutality of the so-called punitive measures which Polish troops carried out in the Ukraine last autumn. The Ukrainians have no supporter amongst the Great Powers, and their treatment will, therefore, unfortunately not be directly raised at the Council. It is essential, however, that the discussion raised by the German Government's action should not be allowed to degenerate into a mere German-Polish brawl, and no less essential that Poland's treatment of all her various minorities should be thoroughly ventilated. Indeed, the best solution would probably be the appointment of a strong international Commission of Inquiry, whose personnel might usefully include a prominent American. Such a Commission, it will be remembered, investigated the Armenian atrocities just before the war. But whether this or another instrument be adopted, a heavy responsibility rests on Mr. Arthur Henderson, as President of the Council, to do everything possible to ensure that this time the minorities get substantial justice, and that the most explosive single element in Eastern Europe is not merely shelved once again.

* * *

A League Commission of Inquiry has issued an extremely severe report about slavery and forced labour in the black Republic of Liberia. The Commissioners state, with an abundance of confirmatory detail, that slavery is very general in the Republic; that it is often accompanied by extreme cruelty; that the Liberian Frontier Force is employed to recruit "contract labour" for Fernando Po, under conditions hardly distinguishable from slave-raiding; and that high Liberian officials get profits from the purchase and sale of human beings. The Liberian Government have not contested any of the findings, and have undertaken to execute all the recommendations of the Commissioners. Their only complaint is that the Commissioners have not given enough consideration to the universal economic crisis—which presumably presses heavily upon the Liberian slave trade. In conclusion, the President states that no one can doubt any longer the Liberian Government's desire for reform. This appears to be premature, for Mr. Stimson, who sent a very stiff note to the Liberian Government in November, is by no means satisfied with its effects. Mean-

while, we wonder how the Commissioners' report will appeal to the Spanish authorities of Fernando Po.

* * *

The military operations against the Burmese rebels are being prosecuted with regularity and precision: one stronghold has been captured and burnt, and another drive through the jungle is in process of execution. There can only be one conclusion to the campaign, although the final pacification will probably be long delayed, as the troops are not numerous, and the area of jungle to be scoured is enormous. It is, however, a matter of regret that the official statements which the British authorities at Rangoon are now issuing are quite inconsistent with their first reports. When the outbreak was first announced it was described as the revolt of a savage horde, who had no grievances to complain of, and no connection with the mass of the native population. This assurance was accepted, but the Burmese Government have now supplemented it with admissions of unrest due to the low price of rice; the *Times* correspondent elaborates this considerably, and states that there is wide discontent at the "activities of the rice pool," largely "composed of Europeans." It is clear enough, therefore, that although the "King of the Dragons" or the "Only Golden Crow" may be no more than a truculent tribesman, the revolt he leads is not what the Burmese Government first stated it to be.

* * *

Mr. Scullin has returned to Australia in fighting mood, and his return, coupled with the prospect of a by-election at Parkes, is already exercising a cooling influence on the Labour extremists. An ultimatum by the New South Wales Labour Caucus, demanding Mr. Scullin's immediate acceptance of a policy of inflation, has been hastily modified into a mere tendering of friendly advice. Mr. Scullin has announced his intention of setting Australia's finances in order regardless of any criticism by followers or opponents. Further serious rioting at Adelaide suggests that his followers are likely to give him the more trouble. The lines of division are less clear-cut than in Canada, where Mr. Bennett's policy of high protection—restricting trade as a cure for unemployment—is still popular in the industrial East, but is being bitterly attacked in the Prairie provinces. A secessionist movement has actually arisen in Saskatchewan, with a programme for a co-operative Commonwealth within the British Empire, trading with Great Britain on a Free Trade basis.

* * *

A statement by the Chinese Ministry of Finance shows an increased Customs Revenue, due to the application of the gold unit system. The actual volume of trade is believed to have been slightly smaller in 1930 than in 1929, but the general stagnation in the interior has been compensated to a great extent by increased activity in the coastal districts. All foreign obligations secured on the Customs have been met in full; but the cost has increased from 65 to 91 million taels owing to the fall in silver. Within the last few weeks, this fall has become catastrophic and threatens to have serious effects on the solvency of the Government and the purchasing power of the Chinese market in 1931. It is reported that a large international silver loan to China is being discussed in the United States, with the object of restoring the normal value of silver. It is suggested that Great Britain, France, and Japan should be asked to co-operate; but Japanese opinion is very sceptical, and Mr. Soong, the Chinese Finance Minister, has himself denounced the proposal as "obviously detrimental" to China, and only intended to relieve American silver mines, hit by the slump.

THE POLITICAL LEVY

THERE is evidence of a natural anxiety among Liberals in all parts of the country with regard to the Trade Disputes Bill. In particular, the clause which would place the Political Levy on its old footing is widely condemned. The Executive of the London Liberal Federation and the General Committee of the National Liberal Club are both said to have passed strong resolutions against this proposal, and we have received a large number of letters criticizing our own remarks on the subject. It is necessary, therefore, at the cost of retraversing ground which must be familiar to many of our readers, to discuss the matter in some detail.

Let us briefly recall the history of Trade Union contributions to political purposes. It was, of course, through the financial assistance of certain unions that the Liberal-Labour pioneers, such as Alexander Macdonald, Thomas Burt, and Henry Broadhurst, became Members of Parliament. In those days the unions had no separate political funds, and the executives did not think it necessary to consult their members by ballot before contributing to a candidate's election expenses from their general resources. It was taken for granted that this was one of the normal functions for which trade unions existed, and that it should be carried out by the ordinary machinery of each union. Thus when a beginning was made with the formation of a separate Labour Party it seemed quite natural for the unions to assist their candidates to get into Parliament, and, since Members were then unpaid, to provide them with salaries when they were elected. Without this help the formation of a Labour Party would have been impossible. In 1910, however, when the Labour Party had secured a representation of over forty Members in the House of Commons, an enterprising railwayman, a Mr. Osborne, brought an action against his union for using the money he contributed for purposes other than those for which it was intended. To the surprise of everybody, the consternation of the Labour Party, and the glee of their opponents, Mr. Osborne won his case in the Courts, and it was declared illegal for the unions to use their funds for political or educational purposes—they were practically confined, it seemed, to the business of conducting trade disputes.

The Osborne Judgment placed the Liberal Government, then in office, in a difficult position. It would have been grossly unfair and provocative to have allowed a legal accident—a chance and dubious decision of the Courts—to have terminated the political activities of the unions and crippled the Labour Party just when it was becoming formidable. On the other hand, there were objections to restoring the full powers which everybody had supposed the unions to possess. In some industries membership of a union had become virtually compulsory. Liberal and Conservative working men were to be found in considerable numbers in all the big unions, but the only political party which received financial support from the unions was, of course, the Labour Party. It was obviously unjust that these men should be compelled to subscribe

through their unions to the funds of their political opponents.

A way out was found in the Liberal Act of 1913, which permitted unions, if authorized by a ballot vote, to raise a special political levy from their members, the levy being subject to the right of each individual member to contract-out of his obligation to contribute by giving notice in writing of his desire to do so. This Act had the results which might have been anticipated. Nearly 300 unions took secret ballot of their members on the establishment of political funds; in eighteen the proposal was rejected. In those unions where a levy was made the great majority of the members paid their contributions without protest, but one hundred thousand availed themselves of their right to contract-out. These, no doubt, were the conscientious objectors to the Labour Party; the keen Liberals and Conservatives who definitely disliked the purposes to which the political funds were devoted. The system undoubtedly allowed the unions to secure the contributions of the indifferent. The path of least resistance was to pay up.

The Conservatives always disliked the Act of 1913. They have an instinctive knowledge that the politically indifferent are really Conservatives, and they feel it to be unjust that their political opponents should derive financial support from people who cannot be bothered to fill up a form refusing to contribute. They have never been shocked by the idea that shareholders in limited companies should have their money used for political purposes without their consent. For brewery companies or industrialists seeking Protection to contribute to the Conservative Party funds is, after all, merely business. But for the Labour Party to get a penny a week from a working man through his union is a monstrous extortion. The Political Levy became an obsession in the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations. Resolutions denouncing it were passed by acclamation at every meeting. Dark hints of corruption were dropped, and sinister stories of political persecution were told. Finally, in the early days of 1925, Mr. Macquisten introduced a Bill in the House of Commons to substitute a system of contracting-in for that of contracting-out. Nobody, he declared, ought to be permitted to contribute to the political fund of a union unless he had expressed in writing his desire to do so. The sequel will long be remembered. It was on the Second Reading of Mr. Macquisten's Bill that the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, made his famous speech appealing for peace and good-will in industry. The speech killed the Bill.

The more recent phases of the story are fresh in our recollections. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the passions aroused by the General Strike should express themselves in a vindictive and useless Act of Parliament designed to restrict the powers of the unions, and that the Act should contain the principle of Mr. Macquisten's Bill. It was certainly inevitable that the next Labour Government should seek to amend the Act. Nevertheless, this type of legislation is extremely distasteful to Liberals, whichever side may introduce it. It is barren stuff. At the best it can only remove an offence from the Statute Book; and, in practice, it is very likely to substitute one menace or injustice for another. The obvious duty of Liberals is to scrutinize

the new Bill very carefully and to do what they may to make it a moderate, inoffensive, healing measure.

What, then, is to be our attitude towards the Political Levy clause? The substitution of contracting-in for contracting-out has undoubtedly had the effect, desired by the Conservatives, of crippling the funds of the Labour Party. The indifferent have escaped. The whole weight of inertia has been thrown into the other scale. Some 50 per cent. of trade unionists have been revealed as caring too little about politics to subscribe to the party funds. But that is not all. Our experience of contracting-in has also destroyed, in the most conclusive way, the legend of terrorism and industrial blackmail by which the advocates of that system sought to justify its introduction. We were told that the men were afraid to sign a form claiming exemption from the Levy; that they would be marked men, victimized, deprived of their rights as members of the unions; that possibly they would lose their jobs. All these weapons have been equally available to the union officials under the present system. If they could prevent men from contracting-out, why could they not coerce them to contract-in? There is no way out of this dilemma. The fact is that the Act of 1927 has only removed one weapon from the hands of the officials, but that is the only effective weapon for this purpose, the *vis inertiae*. We remain of the opinion that to insist upon the exemption of the indifferent is an undue interference with the rights of association and a rather shabby device for reducing the financial resources of the Labour Party.

GIVE-AND-TAKE

WHAT shall we say of Coal and Cotton?—

Strikes and lock-outs while trade is shrinking;

Fighting taking the place of thinking

(And the prize is lost

In the victory's cost)—

Frankly, the outlook's simply rotten!

What shall we say of Education?—

Frankly, the outlook's pretty sinister

For a weary State and a harassed Minister;

For reforms may wait

Till they come too late,

While the factions brawl for the child's salvation.

What shall we say of the great Round Table?—

Die-hards doubting and hot-heads jangling;

Hindu and Moslem bluffing, wrangling;

While Churchill jeers

And the Congress sneers,

They are making progress—but what a Babel!

What shall we say of a world disarming?—

Doves that coo in a dim futurity;

Frantic search for an armed security.

(Each State's expense

Is for self-defence,

But the other fellows are most alarming!)

What shall we say of the year before us?—

Well, it seems to me that a "soul's awaking"

To much more giving and much less taking

In daily life

And in party strife,

Might solve our problems. How trite a chorus!

MACFLECKNOE.

THE BOXER INDEMNITY

NEXT Wednesday the China Indemnity (Application) Bill will come up before Parliament for a second reading. A brief Government Bill, it has attracted little attention, and is obviously expected to pass without opposition. The remission of the Boxer Indemnity to China has already been provided for by an Act passed in 1925, and the new Bill will doubtless be represented as an improvement thereon, designed to make arrangements more in accordance with Chinese wishes than those embodied in the former Act. In reality it is something very different.

The Act of 1925 provided for the formation of a China Indemnity Fund, to be applied to such educational and other purposes beneficial to the mutual interests of China and Great Britain, as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after consultation with an Advisory Committee established under the Act, might determine. This Committee was duly set up with Lord Buxton as Chairman, and proceeded early in 1926 to send a delegation of its own members under the chairmanship of Lord Willingdon to investigate the Chinese situation on the spot. The delegation discovered at once that Chinese opinion strongly objected to the control of the Fund by a committee with a majority of British members sitting in London, and recommended that legislation should be introduced to transfer the administration of the Fund to a Board of Trustees with a Chinese majority sitting in China. They also discovered the existence of a strong desire that some part of the Fund should be expended on railway construction, and consequently recommended that a considerable portion should be invested in useful reproductive undertakings, such as railways, so as to provide a permanent educational endowment. These recommendations were adopted by the Advisory Committee, and issued, together with the Report of the delegation, as a blue book the same year.

The matter remained in abeyance for some time owing to the Civil War in China, but in 1928, when peace was restored and the British Government formally recognized the Nationalist Government of China, the Indemnity question came up again. The British Government realized that nothing less than a complete transference of the Fund into Chinese hands would now be adequate, and that (in the words of the Memorandum signed by Mr. Henderson and prefixed to the White Paper containing the terms of the agreement subsequently reached) we must "rely upon their appreciation of our action in order to obtain fulfilment of the original intention of our policy, viz., that the proceeds of the Indemnity should be devoted to projects equally beneficial to China and Great Britain." A fine sentiment, but did the Government proceed to rely upon such appreciation? Far from it. They proceeded to open negotiations on the basis of extorting from China an undertaking that a considerable portion of the funds would be used in the first instance for purchasing railway materials in Great Britain, and an agreement to this effect was reached after protracted discussion in September, 1930.

The Bill before the House merely implements the agreement thus obtained. The Chinese Government has undertaken to apply the bulk of the remitted funds (which will amount to considerably over eleven million pounds) to the creation of an educational endowment by investing them in railways. The Bill provides for the constitution of a Chinese Government Purchasing Committee in London, to which will be transferred all accumulated sums now on deposit (less two sums of £265,000 and £200,000 to be donated respectively to Hong Kong University and to the Universities' China Committee in London) and half

of all future instalments, the duty of the Committee being to purchase on the order of the Chinese Government materials manufactured in the United Kingdom. The other half of each future instalment is to be paid to a Board of Trustees in China, appointed by the Chinese Government to expend the funds on purposes mutually beneficial to China and the United Kingdom.

In certain respects the changes introduced by the new Bill are unobjectionable. It is essential that the control of the Fund should be in Chinese hands; no exception can be taken to the ear-marking of grants for Hong Kong University and the Universities' China Committee; and though British public opinion will certainly regret that the Chinese did not wish to expend the full fund directly upon education, it must be recognized that they do quite definitely regard the immediate need of China for railways as taking precedence over the need for education.

But any value possessed by the Bill is neutralized by its introduction of the vicious principle by which the Chinese are restricted to British manufacturers for the purchase of their railway material. If the Chinese voluntarily place their orders with us, so much the better; if not British interests are still served by the educational grants and by the fact that the opening up of China by railways must ultimately benefit both countries by promoting trade and prosperity. But no pound of flesh ought to be exacted for the remission of the Indemnity. The principle which should govern it was often reiterated in the debate on the 1925 Act, and was laid down once and for all in weighty words by Lord Buxton, in his Preliminary Memorandum for consideration of the Advisory Committee. "It has to be borne in mind that the fundamental object in returning the Indemnity is thereby to improve the friendly relations between China and Great Britain and to enable the two countries to know, respect, and appreciate each other. . . . It is essential to make it clear by the proposals that are made that there is no intention of utilizing the Indemnity for the purpose of exploiting China in the interests of British influence, or trade, or of British educational propaganda." These views have been thrown over with complete cynicism by the present Government and by exacting a substantial *quid pro quo* they have degraded the remission of the Indemnity from a *beau geste* to a bargain and entirely destroyed its moral value.

Nor is there anything to be said for the particular *quid pro quo* which it is proposed to exact. It appears to be directly contrary to the terms of the Nine-Power Treaty entered into at Washington in 1922, which establishes the principle of the open-door in China. It is manifestly unjust to China, in that it deprives her of the advantage of obtaining the best market price by the usual method of inviting tenders, and the injustice takes on a sinister air when it is remembered that British locomotives and wagons at present cost, delivered in China, 20 per cent. more than Belgian goods to the same specification. This amounts to subsidizing British manufactures to that extent, an aspect of the deal which will be readily grasped by the Chinese. It is, indeed, doubtful whether in present conditions in China such a monopoly could be made effective. The Chinese are adepts at playing off one group against another, and our competitors, freed from any responsibility for making good their contract, would see to it that alternative quotations were submitted which might make our price appear injuriously high, or alternatively might prejudice British credit by bringing pressure to bear on British manufacturers to offer goods below standard quality or at a non-remunera-

tive price. In any case, even accepting the bad principle that Great Britain should try to secure a material benefit for herself out of the Fund, it does not seem particularly fair to China's present creditors to earmark it for the placing of fresh orders, when she is already in debt to suppliers of railway equipment and holders of defaulted railway bonds and coupons to the tune of something like £17,000,000.

"His Majesty's Government," says Mr. Henderson's Memorandum quoted above, "had recognized the significance of this [Chinese] nationalist movement and had declared their intention to meet it with sympathy and understanding. The question of the Indemnity provided a test case." It did, and the test is one in which his Majesty's Government have lamentably failed. Made cowards by the spectre of unemployment, they have thrown away the chance of winning the gratitude of China and have perpetrated one of those masterpieces of national hypocrisy, which so often exasperate and amuse our Continental critics. It can only be hoped that the House will awake to what is going on before it is too late.

EILEEN POWER.

TRANSPORT CO-ORDINATION

THE Royal Commission on Transport has completed its two years of work with the publication of a final report on the Co-ordination and Development of Transport; the main proposals of its two interim reports on the Control of Traffic on Roads and the Licensing and Regulation of Public Service Vehicles have already found their place on the statute book with the passing of the Road Traffic Act last August, and, if the exactitude with which the Commission's earlier recommendations were reproduced in that Act may be taken as a precedent, the last report is likely to be the basis of transport legislation for several years to come.

The final Report embodies many extremely valuable suggestions, including the electrification of suburban railway lines, the closing of unremunerative branch lines and the better co-ordination of rail and road passenger services, but not in general the direct operation of road services by the railways. The question of highway policy is also dealt with, perhaps with undue caution, as the main report opposes the capitalization of the Road Fund for an immediate scheme of development, which, apart from other considerations, would materially alleviate the employment situation; furthermore, it may fairly be said to underestimate the importance of the problem of reconstructing urban streets to relieve traffic congestion. A definite opinion is given in the Report as to the adequacy of motor taxation and the injustice of applying the proceeds of such taxation to general revenue purposes; the licensing of motor hauliers is recommended, and the better co-ordination of goods transport as between railways, hauliers, canals, and coastwise shipping; the obsolescence of tramways is fully recognized, and their gradual replacement by trackless trolley vehicles and omnibuses advocated; finally the establishment of a small advisory Council on Transport is proposed to watch the situation and keep the Minister informed as to what action might usefully be taken to promote co-ordination.

The Report has, however, an aspect of even greater consequence. It is significant that transport should be the first branch of British industry in which the need has been

generally felt for bringing the old competitive conditions more into line with modern needs, for, in the face of the purely practical issues thus raised, there has been no substantial difference of opinion between the three political parties. This is a very good sign for the future, when the same process which is now being applied to transport will be found necessary for other branches of the economic system. There are certainly minor political differences with regard to the rate at which it is thought desirable to progress along the agreed path, and even more as to the name to be given to that progress. The one-time champions of competition and enemies of nationalization in any shape or form, are now quite eager to support rationalization, and, while opposed to State interference and bureaucracy on general grounds, are prepared in this particular instance to recommend a reasonable degree of State control. On the other hand, the Party which in the past understood nationalization to mean the State ownership of an industry and its administration through a Government department akin to the Post Office, is now less sure of its ground. As Mr. Morrison has himself admitted, he has "frankly broken away, as he believed the Labour Party would have to do in nearly all big trading undertakings, from the old conception of direct State or Municipal management on Departmental lines."

The Royal Commission does not commit itself as to the rate of progress in the co-ordination of transport or the exact type of control to be aimed at, beyond a gentle indication of the probable suitability of a Public Transport Trust combining all transport undertakings and paying a fixed rate of interest on the capital invested in it, and run on commercial lines by salaried officials in exactly the same way as the Public Concern described by the Liberal Yellow Book. A supplementary report signed by three of the members of the Commission is emphatically in favour of the immediate compulsory acquisition of all transport services by a National Transport Trust, and the delegation to it by the State of the duties of unification and of management. The necessity of completely divorcing the management of the Trust from Treasury control or political interference of any kind is also stressed.

Experience of office and of the practical application of Socialism appears to be gradually winning over the Labour Party to the Liberal policy of Public Trusts for services of national importance, as was shown a few months ago in Mr. Morrison's proposals for the reorganization of London traffic. There is little difference between the economic objectives of the two parties for the next generation at least, and, now that the extremist position of the all-round nationalizers is being abandoned, there is room for a great measure of co-operation in the construction of an economic programme sufficiently adequate to meet the rapidly changing world conditions and the post-war position of Great Britain. The complete rationalization and co-ordination of the transport system is one of the most urgent needs of the present time. Great Britain has the finest road system and potentially the best railways in Europe, and, in addition, good inland waterway communications, together with unrivalled facilities for coastwise traffic. She leads the world in the development of omnibus transport, and is the biggest European producer and exporter of motor vehicles. It is to be hoped that the fresh legislation called for by the report of the Royal Commission will not be delayed, and that the proposals for the reorganization of transport will continue to be kept so far as possible outside the sphere of party politics, since a properly co-ordinated system of transport is, as has been shown already by Germany and Belgium, an essential condition for low production costs and a healthy and expanding export trade.

SIR OTTO NIEMEYER IN AUSTRALIA

SIR OTTO NIEMEYER, who is now on his way to England at the conclusion of his financial mission, has been, for the last few months, the most hated man in Australia. I have heard his name received with boos and hoots at every Labour meeting I attended at the recent New South Wales elections. Hideous caricatures of him are emblazoned on banners at every unemployed demonstration in Melbourne. It is not a pleasant sight, and, in the interests of the Imperial connection, it is well to explain why it has happened.

Sir Otto Niemeyer came out here at the invitation of Australia. As long ago as last June the Commonwealth Bank invited the Bank of England to advise on the financial position of Australia. The suggestion was made that a representative of the Bank of England should be sent out to examine the situation and to make a report. The offer was accepted, and Sir Otto Niemeyer came out.

He came, he saw, and he made his report. The report created a sensation. It stated in bald terms that until Australia balanced its budgets it could not expect any more loans from London. Even more startling to the Australians was the statement that the standard of living in Australia was too high. The Australian standard of living, which is substantially in excess of that of England, is the "Ark of the Covenant" out here, and nobody—least of all a visiting Englishman—had ever dared, up till then, to lay irreverent hands upon it. The Federal Government, to whom the report was made, decided to publish it, and from that moment Sir Otto Niemeyer became, with a section of the Australian people, the most hated man in Australia.

Able and charming though he is, Sir Otto is not the most tactful of men, and his subsequent statements to the Press, though happily rare, added further fuel to the flames. He airily remarked in an interview that he thought that Australians as a whole were not depressed enough about their financial position. The first article of faith of the ordinary Australian is a supreme belief that Australia will win through her difficulties at an early date. Sir Otto went further, and jokingly expressed his sorrow that Australia had won the Ashes as it would make them too optimistic. Those of us who remembered the frenzied enthusiasm with which the victory at the Oval had been received, and the peculiar insensitiveness of the Australian to that form of humour, gasped.

The situation might have been saved if only Sir Otto Niemeyer had quickly returned home. He had made his report, and there seemed nothing more for him to do. But he pottered about for a few weeks, and then went off to New Zealand. Australia thought that it had seen the last of him, and returned to its domestic politics. But in early October he was back again, and a month later he was still here. The natural imputation of the man-in-the-street was that England, uneasy about her debts, had "put the bailiff in."

On his return to Sydney, New South Wales was in the maelstrom of a General Election, and his position was made more uncomfortable by the tactics of the Nationalists. Their leader, Mr. Bavin, the retiring Premier, made Sir Otto Niemeyer's report the basis of his election programme. He freely quoted from this document, and gave the unfortunate impression that he was advocating economy and retrenchment at the dictates of Sir Otto Niemeyer. The policy itself was sufficiently unpopular, but when it became tied to the name of an English banker, it became suicidal. The Labour Party were not slow in seizing their chance.

"We want no bankers from England to tell us our business"—was their cry. The Labour leader and new Premier, Mr. Lang, is regarded here as a rabid extremist, but he is first and foremost an astute electioneerer. He exploited the feeling against interference from England for all it was worth. "The American colonies," I heard him say at one meeting, "revolted against the dominion of Downing Street, let England beware lest Australia revolt at the suzerainty of Threadneedle Street." His audience cheered themselves hoarse.

The position became worse when Sir Otto Niemeyer explained in a public speech how he had restored the finances of Austria after the war. There was another outburst of indignation, carefully exploited by the politicians, at the idea of Australia being classed with Austria.

So, just as one English election turned on the letter of a Russian Communist, so this recent election has been fought out on the personality of an English banker.

Undoubtedly Sir Otto's visit has damaged the Imperial connection. It has placed England in the unenviable position of the harsh creditor now claiming instant payment of debts that were incurred in the war in her service. It is not a true view, because at least £120 millions of fresh debts have been run up by Australia since the Armistice. But how widely it is held the smashing victory of the Labour Party, who exploited it, significantly reveals. Sir Otto Niemeyer's suggestions were undoubtedly fair and wise. They might have had far wider acceptance if they had not been advocated in such an unattractive and impersonal manner. Depression is a new sensation for Australians, and they have waited in vain for some expression of sympathy in their difficulties.

The fact is that two distinguished men ought to have been sent out, a banker and a politician. The banker could have put the hard ugly facts, and the politician could have put them across with tact and sympathy. As it was, the Bank of England left it to a cold financial expert. But why did the British Government, in the first place, leave such a vitally important mission to the Bank of England?

ROBERT BERNAYS.

THE CALIBRE OF CANDIDATES

THE Reform Bill of 1931, which is to decide not who shall vote but how we shall vote, has not as yet occasioned anything in the nature of a public disturbance. The disfranchised Liberal millions have behaved with admirable restraint. There have been no mass demonstrations to demand "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The windows of Apsley House remain intact. Bristol is quiet. Even the Proportional Representation Society has not organized a march on Palace Yard.

In fact, the public has so far shown only a moderate interest in the rationalization of our voting system. But active politicians are busy casting electoral horoscopes, and the reformers are eagerly debating the relative merits of the rival schemes. Up to the present time discussion has been confined to Proportional Representation—the statistician's dream of bliss—and the Alternative Vote under which the elector would be able to express with greater particularity the degrees of dislike with which he regards the three aspirants between whom he is asked to choose. The Second Ballot is occasionally mentioned, only to be dismissed. There is, however, a fourth plan, known to its supporters as "Bogey," which has not yet received the attention it deserves. It is generally believed to have originated in the fertile brain of Mr. Austin Hopkinson.

Bogey is both original and simple, and meets a long-felt need. At the present time the average elector, whom we will call Mr. X, is confronted with three candidates, A, B, and C. Not being a party enthusiast, he has had no hand in the selection of any of them. A is a retired colonel (of course, apoplectic and irascible); B is a briefless barrister; C is the local secretary of the Boilermakers' Union. Mr. X has no especial interest in the Army, the Law, or boilers as such, and, moreover, having listened to all the speeches, he comes to the conclusion that the success of any one of the three would be a national calamity. What is he to do? The courses open to him are all unsatisfactory. He can plump for the least of three evils, thus assisting to return a man of whose policy or character he disapproves; he can abstain, a course which is repugnant to his highly developed sense of citizenship; or he can spoil his paper. While the present system persists there is no escape from this dilemma. But under the new scheme there would be a fourth alternative. By voting for Bogey Mr. X could register his distrust of all the candidates in the field, and if Bogey were top of the poll there would be a new election with A, B, and C debarred from standing.

There is nothing unusual about the position of Mr. X. The Liberals of South Paddington found themselves in exactly this difficulty. In a few months' time it may be the experience of many an ardent Crusader in the provincial hinterlands where Lord Beaverbrook's writ does not run. As for the unattached voter, who sets more store by personality than by programmes, he must frequently be given to despair. For candidates are not often of the calibre that he would desire, and he may well wonder what possible purpose can be served by sending to Westminster any one of the two or three mediocrities who are soliciting his support.

Except in the rural districts of Wales, where something in the nature of a "primary" does actually take place, the rank and file of political parties exercise only a nominal control over the selection of candidates. The choice is actually made by small executive committees meeting behind closed doors. In theory they can only recommend possible standard-bearers to constituency associations. But as the larger bodies are confined to acceptance or rejection of a single nominee, this part of the business is the merest formality. This means that the personnel of the House of Commons is determined by a few hundred small committees, sometimes quite irresponsible, and often virtually self-appointed. At a moderate estimate there are three hundred and fifty seats at every General Election where the result is a foregone conclusion. In such a division, adoption by the dominant party is equivalent to election, and the executive committee becomes in effect an electoral college with a seat in Parliament within its gift.

These divisional mandarins are practical men. In the Conservative camp their requirements are notorious. How much is the candidate prepared to pay? Will he subsidize the local association to the extent of several hundreds a year, find a substantial part of the election expenses, and subscribe handsomely to local charities? Secondly, is he a safe man who can be relied upon not to flirt with dangerous novelties, but to vote automatically in the party lobby? The question of political aptitude comes a bad third. Nor are the Socialists free from reproach. In the pocket boroughs of the Trade Unions, which are the principal strongholds of Labour, long service to the Union is the highest qualification. The result is that in both camps the committees do not even select the best of the material at their disposal. So the back benches of the House of Commons are congested with men past middle age whose best years have been spent on the parade ground or the quarter-deck or in the Trade Union office. The House is, for them, a place of comfortable retirement.

The "professional politician" is constantly being held up to public execration. His iniquities are exposed by indignant taxpayers and captains of industry in countless letters to the Press. It is seldom that it occurs to anyone to protest against the casual amateur, who enters Parliament at an advanced age without either talent or training for the business of government. Yet the great performers, from Charles James Fox to Lloyd George, have all been professionals. They were professionals in the sense that Chapman and Tilden are professionals. Politics was their life's work. The idea that the handling of national affairs may call for as much skill or experience as the management of a multiple shop has still to penetrate to many of the constituencies. So candidates incapable of even a coherent platform speech, are chosen to help frame the laws and shape the destinies of Great Britain.

Being a Member of Parliament is one of the few remaining unskilled occupations. When we send our young men to distant parts of the Empire to govern subject races for their good, we demand a high level of character and attainment. No such qualification is required from our own rulers. The reform of Parliament has been frequently mooted during the past year. But Parliament cannot entirely reform itself. It will become a businesslike assembly when the political organizations, or the electors themselves, insist upon Members who mean business, and who do not look upon Westminster as an agreeable home for their declining years.

DINGLE FOOT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. THE TRADE DISPUTES BILL

SIR,—I hope you will grant me space to say that I agree heartily with Mr. Ronald Walker's letter in THE NATION of the 10th inst., and consequently differ totally from your note on the subject in "Events of the Week." Analogies are often false, but I cannot see how you make out any analogy between compelling workmen—Conservatives, Liberals, and Labourists—to contribute, unless they specifically contract out, to political funds for objects with which many of them must disagree, and the Tories accepting the money of employers, which money, of course, is only given for objects of which the givers approve.

If there is to be compulsion in this connection, I venture to reiterate what I have said for years, that it ought to be in the form of compelling employers and workmen to submit their differences to the industrial tribunals, to carry on while the cases are *sub judice*, and not to strike or lock-out till the public have had a reasonable time, say, two months, for considering the award. It ought not to pass the wit of man to draw up a Bill for the purpose on the lines of Article 12 of the League of Nations Covenant, and if the brainy young progressives among the Conservative, Liberal, and Labour M.P.s set their minds to it, a Bill which would have general acceptance ought to be forthcoming.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow.

January 13th, 1931.

SIR,—Your courteous note on my letter last week contains an objection to "depriving the Labour Party of the contributions of the lazy, the indifferent, and those who lack public spirit."

I should be the last to deny, sir, that the Labour Party has considerable claims on the people who come under these three categories. But surely it is begging the question altogether to treat the Trade Unions as though they were ordinary commercial organizations. They are very largely indeed Socialist organizations. Their paid jobs are given in overwhelming proportion to active politicians because they are active politicians. They provide the Socialist Members of Parliament with an incomparable political organization which evades the Corrupt Practices Act, yet which is paid for by money that never comes into review after the elections. They are frequently much more concerned with the reactions of a dispute on the politics—national and local—of the Party than with the ultimate good

of the worker. The inability, or unwillingness, of their leaders to talk economic truth in such matters as the coal dispute and the cotton dispute to-day represents the gravest menace to the workers of this country that I can see. They have the workers' ear, and they will not warn him of his perils.

To speak of these organizations as if they were comparable to any other associations seems to me to be wholly misleading. To endow them with millions of shillings per year unless millions of non-Socialists will risk persecution for the sake of a shilling a year is grossly unfair to those workers and to the rival parties.

It is on these grounds that so many of us who are going to fight the Liberal battle in the near future oppose the Labour Bill.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

Californie Palace, Cannes.

SIR,—Mr. Strauss castigates me somewhat severely for, I confess, a looseness of phrase in referring to the powers of the Attorney-General under the Trade Disputes Act, but my want of definite statement does not alter the main facts.

In case of a strike which may be interpreted as coming under the very wide and vague definition of a General Strike as laid down in the Act, a Trade-Union leader may be arrested and brought before a magistrate, but the proceedings require the "consent of the Attorney-General," that is, his statement that in his opinion the strike is illegal. There can be no question that once having obtained the Attorney-General's ruling the magistrate would convict, and can imprison up to three months. Doubtless an appeal would lie to the High Court, during which time the prisoner would be remanded and remain in custody if the magistrate so decided.

The High Court would consider the question of legality *de novo*, and might upset the Attorney-General's opinion, but in the meantime the mischief would have been done.

The damning feature of the Act is that it is left to a politician to decide whether a political offence has been committed.

Imagine a Conservative Government in power, which, being a Conservative Government, represents the interests of employers and always takes sides against the workmen in case of a dispute.

Feeling would be running high, and enormous pressure brought on the Attorney-General to enable the summary arrest of all the Trade-Union leaders.

His decision, even though it were just, would command no respect. It would be regarded as an act of vengeance by the employing class.

Briefly, it comes to this, that the decision as to whether a political offence has been committed should not be left to a politician to decide, who is enabled by his decision to put under arrest a large number of his political opponents. Such powers, if exercised, would shake the stability of this country, and the Government in their amending Bill have rightly protected the Trade-Union leaders from an act of political vengeance by requiring a decision of the High Court as to the illegality of the strike.

This, it may be argued, is too tedious a process. Some quicker method may be devised, but the decision must be given by our judges, in whose absolute impartiality we all have complete faith, as to whether an illegal act has been committed or no.—Yours, &c.,

A. P. LAURIE.

CONTRACTING-OUT

SIR,—The old saying is that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of possibilities. As a regular reader of your paper, I have followed the very interesting correspondence re the Trades Disputes Bill. I am simply astounded that Liberals should countenance in any way whatsoever the repeal of the Contracting-in clause of the Act of 1927. Would you kindly afford me space to refute the fallacy that Trade-Union organizations are penalized by the Act of 1927 in respect to the collection of so-called Political or Labour levies? Even as the law stands, there is a lot of "chicanery" or subterfuge in the collection of the political funds of the Unions. I am a fully paid member of the

Anthracite District Association of Miners. Neither for the year 1929 nor 1930 has there been any provision for the non-payment of the Levy at the Lodge "Crillwyn No. 1." The only thing I can infer or deduce is that the ordinary funds of the Federation are being prostituted for political purposes. If not, how on earth can we maintain about a dozen miners' M.P.s? They do not live on air.

May I be permitted as an ardent worker for Liberalism for forty-seven years to expose the tyranny that prevails in the coal-fields? Last September there was ordered by the District (Anthracite) a 6d. levy for local purposes of administrative politics. I refused to pay it, with the result that on my Trade-Union card I was debited to the extent of 6d. although I had not signed to pay either Labour, Political, or Parliamentary levies. I at once notified the Superintendent Registrar of Friendly Societies of this glaring contravention of the Act of 1927, who sent my letter to Mr. Thos. Richards of the South Wales Miners' Federation, who made the excuse the local secretary was not conversant with the Acts of 1913 and 1927. In fact, he is an old warrior at the game. I won the battle for individual freedom by having the 6d. debited as arrears wiped off my cards. About the punitive clauses of the Act of 1927, anything that obstructs Trade Unions in their legitimate functions should be repealed. But the contracting-in clause is the Magna Carta of individual freedom. As a Liberal I do not want to be treated as a serf or helot. The Labour Party was conceived in spite, shapen by prejudice, and is maintained by a tyranny.—Yours, &c.,

FRED WILLIAMS.

69, Eastland Road, Neath, South Wales.

January 9th, 1931.

THE LATE LORD MELCHETT

SIR,—One hesitates to offer criticism of what is, in effect, an obituary notice. There is, however, one remark in Major Nathan's Appreciation of the late Lord Melchett, which is so far from accurate, and, by implication, does so much less than justice to others, that it really cannot be allowed to pass for fact.

The passage to which I refer reads: "... he was almost the first in point of time, and unchallengeably the first in point of practice in this country to realize the bearing of science upon industry."

I remember that my grandfather, who, with the late Lord Melchett's father, Dr. Ludwig Mond, founded Brunner, Mond & Co. in 1873, used to say that every penny he had was derived from the application of science to industry. Though it is not likely that either he or Dr. Mond would have claimed to be originators in this respect, it is none the less true that the success of the firm was largely due to the understanding, then rare, of the importance of science to industry. The founders showed their appreciation of this both in their conduct of the business, and by their numerous benefactions in aid of scientific research in the Universities and elsewhere.

This idea, together with that of the importance of proper understanding and co-operation between employer and workman, was an essential part of the tradition of Brunner, Mond & Co., which was handed on to the late Lord Melchett and others by the founders of the firm. It was greatly to Lord Melchett's credit that he realized the value of this tradition, not merely to the companies in which he was actively interested, but over the whole field of industrial activity.—Yours, &c.,

FELIX BRUNNER.

49, Wilton Crescent, S.W.1.

January 12th, 1931.

SIR,—Even at the risk of offending the susceptibilities of those who consider we should never speak ill of the dead, I feel compelled to express how I reacted to the memoir "Mond: An Appreciation," by Major H. L. Nathan, M.P., which appears in your current issue. The "appreciation" was in the nature of a close up view of Lord Melchett by one who obviously entertained for him a sort of hero-worship. Whether history will record a similar verdict time alone will tell, but as one who for a while was a Parliamentary colleague, and who knows a good deal about the late Lord

Melchett's political and industrial connection with Wales, the picture painted by Major Nathan in no way conveys to me a true likeness, nor are the attributes assigned to him those which were in evidence during his association with the Principality. Of the Imperial Chemical Industries I am not competent to speak, but it is apposite to remark that this combine took shape soon after Mond delivered the speech in Parliament—which I heard—referred to by Major Nathan, in the course of which he declared (Hansard, Vol. 161, page 2496):—

"I have come deliberately to the conclusion that it is quite impossible for human beings to control any industry beyond a certain magnitude, and I say that after very careful study."

The future will tell whether the speech or the rationalized chemical industry was right. Certain it is that both cannot be.

There are two phases in Lord Melchett's connection with the politics and industry of South Wales which will never be forgotten and perhaps never forgiven. I incurred the disfavour of my Liberal colleagues in Parliament at the time because I ventured publicly in the Mond Buildings at Swansea (an appropriate place) to protest against the method of his selection as Liberal Candidate for Carmarthen. That it was a profound mistake was obvious soon afterwards, but the climax was reached when the then Sir Alfred Mond left the Liberals to join the Tories under Mr. Baldwin's leadership very soon after denouncing the Tory leader as a Captain who was driving the ship of State on to the rocks, and refused to accompany that act of political apostasy by the unwritten rule of resigning his seat to fight again in the newly assumed colours. Major Nathan must excuse those of us who regard such a procedure as neither worthy nor sincere. It would not be excused in one less eminent or exalted. Why should it be excused or condoned in the case of Lord Melchett?

Major Nathan speaks of the rationalization of one great branch of the Coal Industry. He obviously refers to the Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries, Ltd., to the formation of which Lord Melchett lent his name and his aid. We in Wales are not enthusiastic about this so-called "bold and far-sighted conception of industrial organization," because we know the truth. The Anthracite industry was flourishing; it was the one bright spot in the gloom of post-war depression. Small Anthracite units efficiently conducted were making money, and were thus legitimate prey for "bold conceptions." It is all humbug to talk of the rationalization of the Anthracite Coal trade being conceived "to withstand the strains and stresses of the post-war world." It was a financial operation from first to last. Its possibilities were seized by Lord Melchett, and in cash and shares he made a large fortune from the flotation! It was a disastrous conception. Millions of money have been lost. Men with large experience in the trade have been displaced by those who knew nothing about the industry, and a drastic reconstruction appears inevitable. Whatever Lord Melchett may have done in other spheres of industry, it must be recorded in the interests of truth that in his connection with the South Wales Coal trade he was a financier pure and simple—not a builder but a demolitionist.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. EMLYN-JONES.

4, Dock Chambers, Cardiff.

January 12th, 1931.

VIVISECTION

SIR,—In your issue of December 23rd, Mr. G. S. Whiting alleged that laboratory experiments on living animals (commonly called vivisection) include (1) starving them; (2) freezing them; (3) giving them diseases which cause suffering.

To this an anonymous vivisector replied, in your issue of January 3rd, that he is the father of five children, and that all his laboratory boys are Boy Scouts. Such is the logic of our men of science!

Cannot "J. H. B." tell us quite simply whether Mr. Whiting's statement is true or false?—Yours, &c.,

G. F. SHOVE.

12, Grantchester Road, Cambridge.

January 9th, 1931.

AN EXAMPLE FROM THE BALKANS

SIR,—Neither the ruminations of the thinking part of civilized communities nor the corresponding comments of responsible journalism have been at all cheerful when turned to considering at the close of last year, either retrospectively or prospectively, the questions of: Disarmament; The Slump in Trade; or The vast scale of Unemployment which Trade Depression had led to.

As to the first—persistently and indefatigably as Lord Cecil and colleagues of his have striven at Geneva, it is but a few weeks since you laid stress on the lamentable lack of substantial progress and the dangers of protracted delay. If all this swollen world-wide expenditure on murderous methods of destruction is a danger, it is but an obvious truism to add that the cost of such vast non-productive outlay aggravates industrial difficulties and, therefore, also the evil and tragedy of widespread unemployment.

Can nothing be done to check this dangerous waste?

If the solution of world problems and European problems treated as a whole proves at the present time too difficult, cannot they be dealt with piecemeal? Has not the great step forward just taken in the Balkans pointed the way? If Greece and Turkey have just agreed to a strict limitation of naval armaments and to the stipulation that there shall be no deviation from this agreement without six months' notice on either side, is not that the very kind of work that the League exists to carry out? Is it not a fact of the highest significance and, more than that, an example of what is possible even where in times of war things were at their very worst?

There are not a few instances in Europe in which its legacies of bitter memories of all that happened during that protracted era of ruthless strife have made it none too easy to bury hatchets afterwards. In our own case it was, for instance, some years before British and Germans saw their way to do so, but can we find in Europe or anywhere else a parallel to the difficulties which in this case confronted Greeks and Turks? A moment's consideration of all that has happened in Asia Minor during the tragic decade from the beginning of 1913 to the end of 1922 is a conclusive answer to that question.

Nevertheless the thing has been done. The hatchet is buried; the Treaty made, and, in addition to that, a Pan-Balkan Conference held, with Yugo-Slavia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Turkey, and Greece all represented at it.

I have before me an excellent summary of some of the facts published a few weeks since in the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR*. From this summary I quote the following:—

"The formation of a central Balkanic institute for the purpose of promoting the economic and cultural co-operation of the six nations of the Balkans is the most prominent sign of good will which came out of the first Balkanic Conference held at Athens in the early days of October.

"The institute will have branches in each of the States concerned, and will be charged with the task of drafting a joint export programme for agricultural and manufactured goods, the abolition of obstacles to normal commercial intercourse, the improvement of transport facilities, the unification of Customs nomenclature, the establishment of a Balkan monetary union, the exchange of students and teachers, and, in general, the fostering of any activity designed to promote friendly feelings between the countries concerned.

"The institute will have no fixed home, but will be established in turn at the capital of each of the six participating States—Greece, Turkey, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Albania. Every October there will be a general conference to which a representative of the League of Nations will always be invited as well as an official of the International Labour Organization. One of the chief duties of the institute is to improve conditions of workers in industry and agriculture.

"A council and a permanent secretariat have been established, and the Conference at Athens also passed a resolution urging the Foreign Ministers of the Balkan States to meet once each year for the purpose of exchanging views on current problems. Another resolution called for the appointment of a committee to study the question of a regional pact extending the operation of the Kellogg-Briand treaty against war and giving solid guarantees for peace.

"The ultimate hope of the promoters of the Conference is that this pact will gradually develop into a Balkan federation in which the various States, while preserving

their own individuality, will form a united front on all essential matters, and will solve any difficulties that may arise without the use of force."

It may be said that these are but recommendations, and that it remains for the responsible Governments concerned to act upon them and give their sanction. That, of course, is perfectly true, but what a difference the atmosphere created in Athens during this Conference will make. While it was sitting, Pan-Balkan athletic competitions were held in the great stadium at Athens and eye-witnesses have told me of the enthusiasm with which spectators hailed the victories of successful athletes whichever of the six nations they represented. Music played its part too—most fittingly—music and athletics as in the golden age of Greece. It was in such an atmosphere that the political questions just referred to were discussed and others besides of great importance, and a solid foundation laid—an earnest, does anyone doubt it, of the progress which is presently bound to be made.

Well may headquarters of the League of Nations at Geneva send wholehearted congratulations to Athens, and well may every man and woman, who has at heart the progress of the cause of international sanity, hold in high honour the characteristic courage, energy, initiative, far-sighted statesmanship and diplomacy of the Prime Minister of Greece, to whom in such great measure this striking forward movement is due. Well may we ask ourselves whether such splendid leadership need be limited to the Balkans. Never was there a time when modern democracy there and *everywhere else* more needed wise, firm, courageous leadership, and that most of all where the solution of baffling international problems is the issue.

It is far beyond the capacity of the average man-in-the-street to grapple with the financial and other complexities of these problems; and there is another serious fact to be reckoned with—the fact that in more than one of the great Western civilized Powers the average voter is too apt to be misled by the sensational Press, ready to work on anti-foreign prejudice, error, jealousy, antipathy, and so forth to increase circulation on the one hand, and hamper and thwart the efforts of statesmanship on the other.

Far better when specific international questions are at issue that such questions should be taken out of the realm of party politics altogether. Far better that plenary power should, by agreement with the nations concerned, be given to a few of the best minds and men of that experience, proved capacity, character and standing which carry confidence, called in from outside to act as impartial arbitrators.

Take the problems which France and Italy have under consideration—or France, Italy, and Serbia—and the questions on which differences of opinion arise. They will have to be settled somehow some day. Why not now? Whether under such a settlement one country benefits a little more than another is a small matter compared with the great extent to which each would stand to gain by it—whether in South Europe or elsewhere.

There is a well-worn saying about the mistake of trying to break all the bundle of sticks together. Just as we should take them separately, may not some of the most menacing problems of Europe best yield to treatment if in the first instance and up to a certain point they are dealt with separately?

In the Balkans, at any rate, Mr. Veniselos has given a splendid lead not only to the Near East, but to the whole of Europe. Need it end there? Bearing in mind that in his own country he is doing the work of twenty men already, to suggest anything that would add to his labours seems to argue an utter lack of consideration. Nevertheless, so great is the courage and ability of this remarkable man in grappling with the most difficult and baffling of problems, and so amazing his mental and physical energy that I for one believe—at any rate, one may hope—that Greece and the Balkans are not the only part of Europe destined to share in the benefit to be credited to his sagacity, initiative, and high statesmanship.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. CROSFIELD.

Hotel du Parc, Cannes.
January 5th, 1931.

THE BACKGROUND OF PERSIAN ART

THE Persian venerates the ancient poets, heroes, and saints, but, at least in modern times, he has no instinctive respect for the material remains of antiquity. Whereas a European prince will take pride in a castle that comes to him from a long line of ancestors, the Persian always prefers to build for himself. As a result buildings so ruined that they might seem fragments of a palace built by Darius or Cambyes, turn out to be less than sixty years old. Similarly, the modern Persian values trumpery ornaments from nineteenth-century Europe more than masterpieces from his country's past: he has even lost that taste in carpets in which his country was once unequalled. Only in the Mosques has the characteristic conservatism of religion preserved a few magnificent specimens; and entry to the mosques is strictly forbidden to the Unbeliever. I saw noble ruins in Persia, the brilliant exteriors of ancient mosques, and beautiful pots and pans—objects of common use in which the great tradition of elegance still survives. But while fine antique objects can still be bought there, I never saw in the palaces of Tehran or Isfahan a good rug or a choice vase, and at Burlington House only one exhibit has been sent from Persia by any Persian save the Shah.

For this reason the magnificence of the Persian Exhibition may well come as a greater surprise to those who have been in Persia than to the rest of the public. Moreover, the spectacular vision realized at Burlington House corresponds crudely to the general notions about Persia produced by Omar Khayyam, Lallah Rookh, Chu Chin Chow, and other popular favourites. I fancy most people still think of Persia as a vast natural garden with eternal spring, and thousands of little streams running among a riot of flowers, in fact a mixture of the Scilly Isles and Tahiti. It is true that Persia is beautiful, I know nowhere so beautiful, but its beauty is barren and austere. The country is one enormous fawn-coloured desert, intersected by ranges of almost impassable mountains. Sparsely scattered over it, often at great distances from one another, are little oases fertilized by the melting of the mountain snow. This desert is a plateau averaging some five thousand feet in height, but on the Northern slopes of the Elburz, bordering the Caspian Sea, there is a narrow strip of country descending to below sea level, which a steamy climate covers with semi-tropical vegetation, rice fields and luxurious forests. As far as I know this is never represented in Persian painting, and it is indeed outside the natural frontiers of the country. But it is psychologically curious that the artists were blind to the delicate colours and bleak beauty of the usual landscape. The Persian artists painted flowers not because they were common, but because they were scarce. Pearls are just as common as roses in the "Arabian Nights"; in Persia roses are almost as rare as pearls. They are short-lived, too, for in Persia spring is a quick interlude between an icy winter and a blazing summer. The cities are far apart from one another, even in a motor it takes two days to travel from Tehran to Isfahan, and three days more to reach Shiraz. To understand the exaltation of the poet at the sound of running water one must remember that he hears it after arduous travel for day after day through barren wastes and dangerous passes. In the same way the stony ground of Palestine seemed a land of milk and honey to the Jews after their long nomadic life in the desert.

This hatred of the desert is characteristic of the difference in character between the Persian and the Arab. Islam is the religion of a desert-living people: indeed, it may be for them a necessity. Persians live surrounded by deserts, but in towns, and no religion could be worse suited to their temperament. In fact they have distorted Islam to fit their own needs: the Shiah heresy, which they profess, resembles Sunni orthodoxy as the Christianity of

Naples resembles that of Aberdeen. But even among the Shiah the pious condemn wine, music, and the visual representation of living creatures—I never heard a note of music in a Persian street. In the great days, however, the Caliphate took such taboos no more seriously than the Renaissance Popes took the analogous prohibitions of Christianity. Throughout Islam the arts flourished, and while each region contributed a local flavour, the principal influence remained Persian even on the uplands of Castille.

The unfamiliarity of Persian art need not be an obstacle to its appreciation. I recommend the visitor to the Exhibition to walk straight through the galleries, passively accepting with his eyes the banquet of sensuous beauty which it provides. Burlington House is almost unrecognizable, carpets and silks, lit by gentle and tinted lights have transformed its dreary Victorian saloons into a palace from the "Arabian Nights." His senses once thoroughly drenched in this lavish loveliness, he can then more easily bring his mind to bear upon the different civilizations displayed, the Achaemenid Empire, which we know from the palaces of Darius and his successors at Susa and Persepolis; the Sassanian and early Islamic period with its textiles and its pots; and the main fertilizing Moslem civilization most sumptuously expressed under the Savafid Shahs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Roger Fry, in the excellent booklet published for the Exhibition by Messrs. Luzac, finds in the Persian temperament throughout the ages, "A highly civilized sensuality, which will prefer elegance of statement to mere force." A natural laziness seems to make the Persians specially sensitive to fine shades; their decorative motives are often borrowed from the different civilizations to whose influence their geographical position has exposed them, but the result is always peculiar to themselves, depending as it usually does upon a delicate asymmetry and the use of the gentlest curves. Pacific but excitable, unintellectual but ingenious, epicureans with a capacity for mysticism, they put into their art all the tidiness which they lack in their ideas and their lives. It is useless, then, to seek in Persian art the intellectual passion for order and solidity which has dominated the greatest schools of European painting. On the other hand, the Persians have been more consistent than Europeans in a sensitive respect for the materials in which they work. Their pots are pots, unlike many Greek ceramics which are treated as substitutes for drawing paper; their textiles are textiles, unlike many European tapestries which are treated as substitutes for canvases. In some of the finest of the Persian carpets the scale of ornament seems too small for the area covered, just as in Islamic architecture there is often an over-elaboration of detail. But it must be remembered that a carpet is made to be seen close, indeed from the height of the human head, (also they are made to be seen diagonally, and therefore when hung on the walls the tops of the great carpets look best). Perhaps the most beautiful exhibits are some of the vase, medallion, and compartment carpets, with their bold yet subtle design. Modern European painters, by taking successfully great freedoms with representation, have undoubtedly helped to attune our sensibilities to the beauties of Oriental art, and Matisse, for instance, has repaid his undoubted debt to Persia by preparing our minds for such an Exhibition as this. Moreover, we no longer draw the old sharp division between pure and applied art, and we can respond to a pot or an embroidery with the admiring humility which was once reserved for statues of Greek gods and paintings of the Madonna.

The magnificence of this Exhibition can never be repeated, and it has been collected from nearly four hundred different sources in twenty-six different countries. It is impossible to congratulate the Committee adequately on the care and taste that they have brought to their choice, or upon the lucid and beautiful arrangement of the exhibits. The repellent museum atmosphere has been banished, and through the arches connecting one room with another come vistas of sensuous loveliness. There is not here the sublimity of the Italian Masters, but I have never seen an exhibition which made so complete and ravishing a general decorative effect.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT

(A FRIEND OF LIBERTY), 1767-1830

IN the early dusk of a December afternoon, one hundred years ago, the boulevards and avenues of Paris leading from the Rue d'Anjou towards Père Lachaise were filled by an immense concourse massed upon the pavements, while down the roadways filed an endless funeral procession composed of numbers of corporate processions. Above each group swung banners bearing the name of Constant and the words "Liberté et Droit." All Paris was in the streets; Society notables, deputies from the Chamber in official dress, multitudes of blue-bloused workmen and students of whom the dead politician was the hero, and various celebrated orators gathered to deliver eulogies at the graveside.

At the doors of the Protestant church in the Rue St. Antoine, the horses were taken from the funeral car and a team of young men drew it from thence to the cemetery. Black hangings lined the route; at intervals there was music; through a mist of fine rain the street-lamps shed a veiled illumination, and horsemen with gleaming torches pierced the darkness of oncoming night.

What had this man done for France, this Swiss Protestant noble, to earn this splendid Requiem? The question may occur to those who chiefly associate the name of Benjamin Constant with his fictional self-study, "Adolphe." And, apart from being the pioneer of the analytical novel and a notable publicist, he has been called a libertine, a gambler, and an atheist. A brief biographical survey may help to explain why, in spite of these indictments, Benjamin Constant is still held in honour in the country of his adoption, and why in England we should keep him in memory. Benjamin Constant de Rebecque cost his mother her life in giving him birth. A lonely childhood tended to increase, if it did not engender, an aloofness of spirit that characterized him through life. A father, the most injudicious of men, and a succession of tutors either rascally or incompetent, so embittered him that revolt against restraint, against shams and conventions, became the strongest impulse of his being.

The solitary child was precocious. He learnt Greek as a diverting game. At thirteen, his erratic parent took him to Oxford, only to find the curriculum unsuited to one so young. At sixteen he entered Edinburgh University. There he matriculated, and was elected a member of the Speculative Society. The original aim of the Speculative Society was to encourage scientific and literary discussions, but the members early showed an inclination to focus their attention on politics, and the library now contains a very valuable collection of Parliamentary proceedings, economics, and works upon Constitutional law. Constant attended the weekly meetings of the Society and debated, and sometimes raised, such questions as "Is it necessary to grant universal suffrage?" "Should women have a higher education?" "Do Pagan myths influence customs and character?"

Here he gained that knowledge of the British Constitution which so profoundly affected his political opinions and determined his career.

It is usual to dwell on the series of amours that floated on the surface of Constant's life, and to connect every turn in his affairs with some new sentimental attachment. But while three women in particular did undoubtedly greatly influence him, yet, when the final count is taken it will be seen that his fluctuations were superficial, compared with his enduring devotion to the ideal of political liberty.

Constant was twenty when he met Belle de Charrière, who in her girlhood had been the object of Boswell's cautious matrimonial advances. She was in declining health,

undistinguished by beauty, and twenty-seven years his senior. None the less it is doubtful if any intellectual contact of Constant's maturer years was ever so happy as that encounter with a wit as keen, a mind as independent as his own. If he finally wearied of the bleak heights of pure reason, it was not until he had absorbed and digested the fruit of an exceptional intelligence. At Colombier, Madame de Charrière's château near Lausanne, Constant was ever welcome, and when sore from the buffeting of life, to Barbet, as he called her, he turned for comfort. Unhappily as years went by Madame de Charrière wounded her friend by frequently casting doubts on the reality of his affection.

The links between them had already worn thin under the raspings of her distrust when he met and promptly surrendered to Madame de Staël. Conversationalist, authoress, propagandist, her exuberant eloquence first charmed and finally wearied her admirers. But not so Constant. Both had practised with less skilled performers the thrust and parry of the verbal duello, but never had their rapiers shown so keen an edge, never did the two combatants display such grace and speed of ripost as in these engagements. The wit of "Corinne" shone with redoubled lustre. Constant awoke to a new universe. He, so careless of appearances, submitted his unruly locks to the barber's tongs, he wore new suits, his tall, stooping figure took on the air of a dandy. In short he was in love. Then came Napoleon on the scene. Madame de Staël was a Royalist, Constant made rash, provocative speeches, and both paid for their imprudence with years of exile.

In 1804 they wandered together through Germany, with excellent results for Constant. His stay in Weimar revived his literary aspirations, and the great library of Leipzig offered a magnificent field for research. His long contemplated "History of Religions" began to take shape.

Twenty years before, in Edinburgh, this subject already interested him, but the book in its final form was something much more alive and logical than a mere compilation of religious beliefs. When he had rewritten it for the last time, it presented at once the writer's philosophy of religion and his philosophy of politics and life.

But before the conclusion was reached, Constant's pen was to be occupied with the pamphlet upon which rests his chief prestige in France to-day. "De l'esprit de Conquête" is "a brilliant and vigorous plea for peace, and an arraignment of war and militarism as incompatible with the social and commercial institutions of modern civilization." Incidentally it reveals a remarkable sympathy with the views of living pacifists. "In modern times," he wrote, "a successful war infallibly costs more than it gains," and again, "War and commerce are but two means of reaching the same end—that of possessing what one desires. The one, the savage impulse. The other, the civilized calculation."

The pamphlet was first published in Hanover, in January, 1814. It appeared in Paris two months later, and soon afterwards in London in a translation. In France it has been reprinted at least twice, in 1910 and 1918, and was much quoted in French journals and also in Italy during the Great War. Unfortunately, when the Hundred Days were running their fevered course Napoleon beckoned to him, and exerting his personal charm persuaded Constant that the former despot was ready to govern France by Constitutional means. Constant became a deputy, and the Royalists denounced him as a man of unstable, or worse yet, of purchasable convictions. In vain Constant retorted that he saw the throne had disappeared, but France remained. He was accused of gambling with principles, or of being devoid

of them altogether. Meanwhile the champion of Liberty was learning day by day how little the Emperor was inclined towards Constitutional government. Such concessions as he made were tardy and futile. Waterloo came, and after it the abdication. The Bourbons returned, and Constant again was suspect. But his recognized ability as a publicist procured the erasure of his name from the list of the proscribed.

In 1819 he was elected deputy for the department of La Sarthe and his power in the Chamber was speedily recognized. He soon became the leader of the young Liberal Party and the bugbear of the Royalists. He continued to fight for the freedom of the Press. He constantly attacked the Ministers and filled their supporters with impotent fury. According to Loménie, "always witty in the midst of his most earnest appeals, always polite in the midst of his irony, always cool in his anger, he said everything he wanted to say, in defiance of every authority and restriction." In spite of failing health these were the crowning years of Constant's life. At the age of forty-one, he married for the second time, but Charlotte von Hardenberg's negative character could not avert Constant's brief but tragic passion for Madame Recamier, the celebrated beauty. However, with Charlotte he once more visited England, dined at Holland House, and with the Bourkes, where he read his "Adolphe" to a distinguished company, and heard speeches in Parliament which impressed him by their genuine and solid character. But Constant, while

he admired our political system, found Englishmen unsympathetic, and was glad to return to Paris, where the turmoil of the Chamber of Deputies henceforth engrossed him. In 1830 the reactionary measures of Charles X. precipitated the Revolution of July, in which Constant, though invalided, took a prominent part. For the first time he was well received at Court. His gambling debts were common knowledge, and Louis-Philippe recouped him handsomely with the gift of 300,000 francs.

But when the Chamber opened for the Autumn sessions of 1830, it was plain that the political career of Benjamin Constant was at an end. On November 19th he made his last speech from the Tribune. His mental vigour could no more sustain him. He went home to devote the last of his strength to the "History of Religions," which he had only now completed. He died on December 8th, almost in the act of revising the last proof-sheets.

For a brief while the voice of party feeling was hushed, but made itself heard when a tablet in the Pantheon was proposed.

So he lies sequestered in the vastness of Père Lachaise; the people's friend, the idealist who loved women too well to remain true to one only; often misprized by his friends and objured by his foes, but still believing that somewhere there existed "one being to give us credit for having, in spite of our environment, remained true to justice, liberty and country."

CONSTANCE HAGBERG WRIGHT.

A WOMAN'S NOTEBOOK

By VERA BRITAIN.

THE POPE AND THE FAMILY—DAME RACHEL CROWDY—COLLEGE WOMEN AND POVERTY—A WOMAN SPEAKER ON RUSSIA

IN its dogmatic pronouncements on matters hitherto left to the administrative practice of the Roman Catholic Church, the Papal Encyclical "Casti Connubi" represents a Canute-like endeavour to arrest the overwhelming tide of change in sex morality since the War. A certain ironic humour of under-statement marks the report, from the TIMES' Rome Correspondent, of an "impression that the Encyclical is, on the whole, anti-feminist." So modern a term is quite inappropriate to this document, which goes back to the Middle Ages in its view of woman as solely a means to an end. Except for extremely ignorant devotees of Catholicism, I doubt whether even the women of Italy will accept without protest this notion of themselves as mere "conduit-pipes," whose duty includes a meek resignation to the possibility of avoidable destruction by the life that they transmit. According to modern ideas of morality, "the direct murder of the innocent" is an accusation which may apply as much in the case of the conscious mother as in that of the unconscious embryo. The under-estimation of woman as a human being may also involve disastrous consequences for the children whose "proper education" the Encyclical is designed to protect. In this country the tragedy of young families bereaved by the mother's death in childbirth is a main motive for our campaign—which includes necessary birth-control instruction—against maternal mortality. The Encyclical provides an unusually striking example of the ignorance invariably displayed by ecclesiastical pronouncements, whether issued from Lambeth or from Rome, of the needs and conditions of modern family life.

* * *

This week Dame Rachel Crowdy left her post as head of the Opium Control and Social Questions Section of the League of Nations Secretariat. The success of the great department that she has created during her eleven and a half years of conspicuous service owes almost everything to the persistent, unruffled dignity with which she

has pursued her purposes despite criticism and obstruction. She might so easily have allowed her Section to become a species of melodramatic side-show, for life at Geneva has not been exactly a primrose path for the pioneer women in the League. Although, under the Secretary-General's new 1930 scheme, the department built up by Dame Rachel is to be divided into two sections, each under the control of a Director with a salary of 90,000 Swiss francs, she herself was never made a Director, and received as maximum salary the 33,000 Swiss francs paid to Chiefs of Section. Her contract, which ended in 1927, came under the seven-year rule laid down by the 1921 Noblessaire Report; it has thus been extended for three years, and could have been renewed had the Secretary-General chosen. Since Miss Florence Wilson and Miss Sophy Sanger were replaced some time ago at the Secretariat Library and the International Labour Office, Dame Rachel's departure leaves the League without a woman holding a first-class position. That she goes reluctantly was already obvious when I lunched with her in Geneva over a year ago. She went to the League a young woman at the height of her powers; she is still far from the normal age of retirement, but a dozen years of highly specialized authority do not make it easy for any expert of either sex to begin life again in another capacity. The League's prospects of obtaining the finest type of worker are not enhanced by regulations which so far bow to national jealousies as to require the unwilling resignation of first-rate officials who have devoted their best years to its service.

* * *

The opening of the new term at Oxford this week will find Lady Margaret Hall in jubilant mood owing to the recent gift of £35,000 from Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, of New York. Since the Four Oxford Women's Colleges asked only for £80,000 when they made their joint appeal nearly ten years ago, and Somerville received with pathetic gratitude the £7,000 which went to it last year from the Jubilee

gift and a private bequest, Mrs. Harkness's donation seems a windfall indeed. It does not look quite so large when compared with the endowments of many men's colleges, especially in America, where, shortly after the War, Yale University raised £4,000,000 in a few months, but it will render Lady Margaret Hall infinitely more attractive than its three rivals by enabling all its students to be housed within its walls. The poverty of the women's colleges bears hardest upon those who have to live out. Since University regulations forbid women to lodge in houses that take men, and the rooms occupied in term-time are chosen, not by the students themselves, but by college authorities on the basis of the fees usually charged, it follows that only the lowest economic range of lodgings is available for women. When I lived out during my last year at Somerville, my one room was a cold, gloomy, ground-floor bedroom, which faced due north and was overrun with mice, but others in the same house fared even less enviably. Baths were nominally provided, but the hot-water supply always ran out after one half-hearted effort. Since, in addition to these discomforts, our regulations insisted that all meals should be taken in college a quarter of a mile away, the temptation to live on snacks—the besetting sin of the woman student—became, in bad weather, almost irresistible.

* * *

From the beginning to the end of life, women as a sex are still miserably poor. As housewives they are habitually under-valued, and as workers nearly always underpaid. Their background and their tools show sad traces of their poverty; their homes, their schools, their universities, and their offices are ill-equipped and under-capitalized. Women undergraduates, at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere, need more space, more food, more comfort, more scholarships, more opportunities in more professions. To provide these things they require, above all, money. Virginia Woolf's little masterpiece, "A Room of One's Own," is the classic expression of this need. In the colleges themselves the small rooms, inexpensively furnished and Spartan in taste, are slightly enough, but how many men's quarters would remain presentable if their occupants had to live on the bed-sitting-room system? College food is usually adapted neither in quality, quantity, nor values to the demands of still-growing young women with a tendency to overwork. The cause of women's education needs, more than anything in the world, a few wealthy benefactresses who will imitate Mrs. Harkness's example.

* * *

Women with money to leave still tend to favour missions and hospitals, including those which refuse to train their own sex as doctors, or to fall victim to quacks and cranks. If I had a large sum of money to dispose of, I should first use it to endow tutorships in careers at all women's colleges and universities. At present the students are too often flung without introductions or advice into a busy, impolite world for which their academic training has ill-prepared them, and left to sink or swim as best they may. In the second place, I would found, in some healthy locality completely devoid of academic tradition, a large co-educational university with the Californian foundations of Berkeley and Leland Stanford as its model. Apart from the Scottish universities, which I do not know, the only training school in this country resembling my ideal institution is the London School of Economics. This, I am told, cultivates none of that anti-woman prejudice which provides the young gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge with such excellent material for their periodic outbreaks of wit.

* * *

A potentially exciting lecture on "The Position of Women in Soviet Russia" is to be given at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, January 18th, in Morley College Hall, by Miss Anna Louise Strong, editor of the Moscow News. Professor H. J. Laski is taking the chair. I heard Miss Strong lecture on Russia to the Faculty of Cornell University when I was in America five years ago. Intending listeners who hope to see a wild-haired example of fanatical Bolshevism are likely to be disappointed, but Miss Strong's genial American sanity will certainly reassure all sufferers from the Russian variety of nightmare.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Twelfth Night," at Sadler's Wells.

NO theatrical venture ever started out with better good will than the scheme to duplicate the Old Vic. Shakespearian and operatic performances at a revived Sadler's Wells. When good will is met with such excellent fulfilment, the occasion must necessarily be a joyous one. When the new theatre opened last week with its production of "Twelfth Night," the welcome was as much to the theatre as to the play. It is a finely conceived, almost a noble building and well adapted to house a large and popular audience. The Old Vic. production of "Twelfth Night" is under Mr. Harcourt Williams's direction always light-hearted—but the buffooneries of the play are never allowed to obscure its beauties. Even the lovesick Duke, whom one has heard a mumbling bore, was made arresting by the skill and sense of Mr. Godfrey Kenton. Amongst so much that was good, one must mention the perfectly balanced acting of Miss Dorothy Green as Viola and Miss Joan Harben as Olivia. We have been used to stately and mature Olivias—Miss Harben's frail person and delicate movements are in most pleasing contrast. Sir Toby (Ralph Richardson), Sir Andrew (George Howe), and Maria (Elsa Palmer) do not depart from tradition. It has been said that Mr. Richardson's Sir Toby is a more gentlemanly sot than usual. If so, it is a step in the right direction. One could never be greatly amused by some of the swashbuckling Sir Tobys of the past, even if they were played by great actors. There remains Mr. John Gielgud's Malvolio, a performance of restraint in which petty tyranny is suggested more by the lifting of an eyebrow than by pomposity of manner—but suggested so well that there seemed some excuse for the cruel punishment which it earned. "Twelfth Night" goes to the Old Vic. for a fortnight on next Monday, and opera makes its début at Sadler's Wells.

Palace Theatre.

Mr. Cochran's latest enterprise at the Palace Theatre is a riot, a knock-out, in fact, an absolute wow. Not content with producing the Marx Brothers in what is so delicately called "the flesh," he supports them with one of the best all-round Music-Hall shows I have seen: Ivy St. Helier (marvellously malicious), Duffin and Draper (stunning acrobatic dancers), George Dormonde (a staggering monocyclist), and two top-notch jugglers, de Bière and Miss Okabe. The Marx Brothers bring the house down. Their act is a shapeless affair, made up chiefly of extracts from their two films, with the more local American jokes replaced by rather unconvincing English ones. It seems to me a disaster that they are not content to appear by themselves without actresses and supers. For their strength is derived from the traditional clown technique. Groucho would be brilliant if there were less of him. Only one of his jokes in three is really worth cracking. Moreover, if his part were cut down by half, there would be more room for Chico, who does not have enough to do, and for Harpo who could not conceivably have too much. For he is an artist of genius, the greatest clown alive. He is a symbolic figure comparable to Charlie—what a film they could make together! For while Charlie represents persecuted innocence and the obstinate courage of the weak, Harpo displays the cruelty and cunning of the idiot. His face gleams with lust, greed, and motiveless malignity. The creation of this character is inspired in its ingenuity, every gesture tells and is perfectly timed. Harpo has the sensibility never to utter a word, and I place him with Mr. Chaplin in the front rank of contemporary artists.

"Folly to be Wise," Piccadilly Theatre.

If there is something lacking in this new Hulbert revue, probably it is only Mr. Hulbert himself. One has grown so gratefully accustomed to his blithe presidency over these banquets that it is impossible not to regret that he should

be engaged—I hope prosperously—in “Following a Star” elsewhere. He offers us two substitutes for himself in Mr. Nelson Keys and Mr. Al Trahan, but Mr. Trahan appears in only two scenes and has not yet found the pitch of the Hulbertian halls, and Mr. Keys, though it is very pleasant to see him in revue again after all these years, seems to have lost some of his former polish and charm. In the old days he used unerringly to hit off, with just a touch of maliciousness, whatever real or imaginary person he was imitating, but now there is more satiric bitterness than good criticism in his vignettes—or so it seemed to me. But why waste time discussing regrets when there is Miss Cicely Courtneidge knocking about? “Knocking about” is the word, for in her best scene this most sporting of stars lends her irresistible sense of fun to an acrobatic turn in which she is flung across the stage from Apollo to Apollo, swung giddily round and round, balanced arm-high, and generally treated as if throughout her previous stage career she had been the human dumb-bell that is so unaccountably a *sine qua non* of every after-dinner cabaret. Or is she funnier still as the unsteady Spanish dancer, or the dowager who becomes infected with the ragging spirit in the box of a theatre on Boat Race night, or that devastatingly British lady doing Montmartre, or any of the hundreds of other parts she plays? Folly, indeed, to be wise when one is given such profuse occasions for restful laughter.

“The Song of the Drum,” Drury Lane.

For magnificence and splendour this latest adventure at the Theatre Royal leaves little worth wishing for. As each scene is unfolded, sumptuous dresses, priceless feathers, costly jewels, and wonderful live animals, including goats, donkeys, ponies, dogs, and even a camel, pass before our eyes. But after this remarkable pageant little appears to gratify the anticipation with which I awaited this new musical play, and I am afraid those first-nighters who waited forty-eight hours in the wintry weather must have been a little disappointed when eventually the doors were opened to them. It is true that Miss Helen Gilliland and Mr. Derek Oldham sing very nicely, and in one song, “Within My Heart,” Miss Marie Burke almost surpasses them. Mr. Bobby Howes and his foil, Mr. Peter Haddon, work hard and exercise their quick wit to the full. Miss Clarice Hardwicke has too small a part for her talents. Mr. Ralph Reader’s arrangement of the Ballet and Ensembles deserves the highest praise, as do the ladies of the Ballet.

The Seven and Five Society, Leicester Galleries.

The Seven and Five Society has considerably increased its list of members recently, though not all of them are represented in this, its tenth, exhibition, opened last week at the Leicester Galleries. One of the most interesting of the newcomers is Mr. John Aldridge, who is the possessor of a very individual talent. Some of his work still shows signs of immaturity and fails to reach its aim, but such pictures as “Garden” and the still life entitled “Milk Jug,” show a real feeling for colour composition. Among the other contributions are some of Mr. David Jones’s always charming water-colours; he has created, in this medium, a particular type of study, delicate, fantastic, and essentially his own. Miss Frances Hodgkins shows two excellent and very characteristic studies of still life groups with landscape background, Mr. Cedric Morris some flower-pieces and an extremely good landscape, “Polstead Village, Suffolk,” also an interesting portrait. One wall of the second room is reserved entirely for pictures by the late Christopher Wood. There are ten of these, representing different periods of his work, and showing, in such paintings as “Church at Tréboul” and “Dieppe,” that he had developed a much more original style and made remarkable advances in the last year or two before his untimely death.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, January 17th.—

Thibaud Recital, Queen’s Hall, 3.

Prokofieff Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

The Canadian Trio, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
“Colonel Satan,” by Booth Tarkington, at the Haymarket.

Sunday, January 18th.—

Miss Anna Louise Strong, on “The Position of Women in Soviet Russia,” Morley College, 8.

London Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen’s Hall.

“The Last Mile,” at the Phoenix.

“Supply and Demand,” R.A.D.A.

Monday, January 19th.—

“Twelfth Night,” at the Old Vic., 7.45.

“The Limping Man,” by Will Scott, at the Royalty.

University College, London, Dramatic Society, in

“Little Plays of St. Francis,” at the College, 8.15 (January 19th-24th).

Tuesday, January 20th.—

“Carmen,” at Sadler’s Wells.

“Blue Roses,” Musical Comedy, at the Gaiety.

Dr. Rhondda Williams, at St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields (Howard Anniversary Service), 6.45.

Dr. Emanuel Miller, on “Psychology,” Morley College, 8.

Wednesday, January 21st.—

“Faust,” at Sadler’s Wells, 7.45.

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen’s Hall.

“To Account Rendered,” by Mr. J. Hastings Turner, at the New.

Thursday, January 22nd.—

“The Circle of Chalk,” by Klabund, translated by Mr. James Laver, at the Arts.

“The Improper Duchess,” by Mr. J. B. Fagan, at the Globe.

“Hawk Island,” by Mr. Howard Young, at the Comedy.

Friday, January 23rd.—

“The Magic Flute,” at Sadler’s Wells, 7.45.

Hallé Orchestra Concert, Queen’s Hall.

OMICRON.

THE FOOTBRIDGE

TORN clouds the wind drives lightly
Across to-day’s high blue,
And leaves that budded yesterday
Let golden sun run through;
By the little river
They stand and dip and stand;
In silver strip the river runs
Through empty pasture land.

See, how a bed of brooklime,
As blue as eyes, receives
An air that laughs in idleness
Among its dripping leaves;
And, streaming under water,
Long green cresses toss,
And white bubbles burst themselves
Against the straining moss.

Here, solitude achieving,
The halcyon may be seen,
Flashing against the water-brook
His red and blue and green;
Wasting his bright beauty;
A wild and timid bird,
Gone like a flash at the first step
On wooden footbridge heard.

What is man’s coming and going?
These colours ask no eyes.
Before I pass, and afterwards,
How carelessly he flies!
The flowers will take an ancient wind,
The waters curve and shine,
The bridge will fall to ruin at last
For lack of hands like mine.

FRANK KENDON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ANOTHER PROBLEM

FANTASIES of a world in which the Insect should have defeated the race of men are not unfamiliar, nor are they entirely to be classed as—fantasies. Mr. L. O. Howard, the American entomologist, in the final sentence of his voluminous "History of Applied Entomology" (Smithsonian Institution), expresses the position with serious plainness: "The intelligence of the human race, if brought to bear, will conquer the insect menace." He has just previously summarized the development of the danger: "civilization has been upsetting the balance decidedly in favour of the increase of injurious insects." The obvious instance is what we have done to the birds, and have scarcely ceased to do. The curious symptom is that so much apathy prevails among us. Some may remember the indignant verses of a few modern poets on this attitude—of Sir Ronald Ross himself, on "The Anniversary," recalling how:—

"We found the death that lurk'd beneath
The purple leaves,
We found your secret foe,
The million-murdering one,"

and how this was merely received as:—

"A trifling doctor's matter,
No consequence at all!"

* * *

The race plods onward, never knowing exactly how or to what end, self-baffling, self-rescuing, and, whatever happens to it in the end, the story of its enterprise in meeting difficulty largely due to its errors is stirring. The chapter of applied, or economic, entomology is probably only at the beginning as yet. When, in 1788, the Hessian fly threatened to spread its ravages from America into this country, and "the Privy Council sat day after day debating what measures should be adopted to ward off the danger of a calamity more to be dreaded, as they well knew, than the plague or pestilence," the man regarded as best able to give advice—Sir Joseph Banks—was prevented by the inexact kind of information supplied to him from forming a satisfactory conclusion. A few years later the invariably intelligent Southey, in a footnote to an epic, made the following observation: "We have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. The more spiders there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire-fly should be imported into Spain to catch mosquitos. In hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insects feed upon fleas." These were bold words; for at the time, as Kirby and Spence admitted, "an entomologist was synonymous with everything futile and childish." To this day, there are those who have a similar impression; but now entomology is "a career," the world is manned with its experts working in a clear and coherent movement, and the achievements and personalities of scarcely more than a century, in the chronicle before me, claim over five hundred large pages of print.

* * *

Mr. Howard's chronicle is described in a sub-title as "somewhat anecdotal." It is not, indeed, a standard history, but it includes a great array of plain information. It begins with the American section; and to those who, like myself, are not so familiar with the details of that section, this is valuable. When one finds the State of New York appointing its entomologist so far back as 1854, one's sense

of intellectual America in the nineteenth century is aroused anew. Active and systematic entomology in the United States has had obvious opportunities in plenty since 1854. Mr. Howard tells the strange case of the Gipsy Moth, for example. It appears that, in 1869, a French astronomer at Harvard was experimenting with certain silk-producing caterpillars, with the object of producing a race immune to a particular disease. The imported gipsy-moth escaped from his laboratory. In 1889 the town where he lived was invaded by millions of its caterpillars. The fight against the Gipsy Moth is still going on, after years of expense and trouble: "at the present time both New York State and the Federal Government are holding it back along a line extending from Canada to Long Island Sound (virtually the Valley of the Hudson River) which has been termed a 'Hindenburg Line.'"

* * *

While he describes with enthusiasm the rise and the wonderful progress of American economic entomology, Mr. Howard protests against patriotic egotism, and the forgetting of work done in Europe before the days of Asa Fitch. He is himself a lover of the masterpiece—that is his word—of Kirby and Spence, and he is just as happy this side of the Atlantic among the insects as at home. Personal friendship with many eminent naturalists makes his book a very genial one. On almost every country he has something to report. His chart extends over the rest of the world with similar accuracy. Then he turns to medical entomology, and thence to the practical use of predatory and parasitic insects—a hazardous business, but one which will go on. At this time, many experiments of search and transference of parasites are in progress. The greatest number of successes have been in Hawaii, which leads Mr. Howard to remark that the Japanese rice-borer has since 1927 been found there, and his parasites are now on his track; and further that this insect, probably brought in with rice-straw packing for cheap articles, is likely to be spreading through the United States. The entomologist must be "as a sentinel" nowadays.

* * *

If he were to fail in alertness of eye and mind, what would the results be? Would the fantasies of the Insect as master be more likely to resolve themselves into world history? Would there be an unintentional application for the words of Kirby and Spence (1818) on those insects that seem "emblematical of a class of unearthly beings?—when we behold some tremendous for the numerous horns and spines projecting in horrid array from their head or shoulders;—others for their threatening jaws of fearful length, and armed with cruel fangs: when we survey the dismal hue and demoniac air that distinguish others, the dens of darkness in which they live, the impurity of their food, their predatory habits and cruelty, the nets which they spread, and the pits which they sink to entrap the unwary, we can scarcely help regarding them as aptly symbolizing evil demons, the enemies of man. . . ." Mr. Howard, after some fifty years of contact and co-operation with the forces that have hurriedly equipped themselves against the actual and the conceivable insect armies, declares himself an optimist; but he has spent much of the last ten years in the attempt to communicate to his fellow-men "the very great danger that confronts humanity."

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

CLARE COLLEGE

Clare College, 1326-1926. Edited by MANSFIELD D. FORBES. Two vols. (Printed for the College at the Cambridge University Press. Copies obtainable from the Bursar, Clare College, Cambridge, price £6 6s.)

THIS monument, nearly as large as the court of Clare itself, celebrates, in 750 pages of text 9 by 13 inches and 238 pages of plates, at a rumoured cost of some £6,000, the sexcentenary of the College. It is a remarkable and singular work, as even a cursory glance will show, unexpected in style and content; yet a great success in my judgment, of which one can turn the pages with delight for many hours, deserving fame and circulation beyond that which the piety of Clare men have already accorded it. Certainly those, like myself, of the neighbouring foundation, who have spent much of their lives looking across their back lawn at the demure and exquisite habitation of our elder sister, will find here illumination and instruction to guide and warm the eye of sight and sentiment. They will, too, be glad to be reminded (passing by the attack on King's College made in 1454 with "guns and all the habiliments of war") of the small exchanges of land and courtesies which have marked from time to time the five hundred years of their propinquity, beginning with the grant in exchange to Clare Hall by Henry VI. of 13, King's Parade, which she still possesses, and particularly of Barnabas Oley, who, having secured from King's in 1638 the lease of the Clare river garden (the whole of the meadows across the river facing King's and Clare having belonged to the former College, as is still the case with the Clare "Backs"), bequeathed a sum to that College as a compensation for any detriment thus caused them and "as a means to perpetuate Love and amitie betwixt King's College and Clarehall," words which the Provost of King's still recites on Founder's Day. The chapter of this book on Barnabas Oley and his love of building—it was he who as Bursar planned the Court of Clare—and on the College living of Great Gransden which he held and adorned with several fine surviving houses, is an admirable sample of the range and charm of this History.

The seventeenth-century buildings of Clare naturally occupy pride of place. It is remarkable that the raising of so complete and perfect a piece should have been spread over nearly eighty years (1638-1715, the chapel being added so late as 1769), though it was mainly built by an uncle and nephew, Thomas and Robert Grumbold; but much more remarkable—at least to one who knows the building well but uninstrucedly—that the characteristic and, one would have thought, inevitable balustrades which surround the court within and without, should be a late addition, having been substituted in 1762 for the battlements of the original design, thus demonstrating that perfection may be a growth of time and leisurely consideration—perhaps, where buildings are concerned, usually so. The photographs, here presented in dozens, of the details and the ensemble of Clare, are as fine and comprehensive as have ever been put together; and the series of Clare Bridge at various dates and at all seasons of the year may be particularly mentioned for their serene and cultivated beauty. "I must be of opinion," as a freshman in the eighteenth century wrote home, "that a college life, for one of a serious turn and contemplative disposition, is the most delightful situation imaginable. Since my being here I have taken a view of all the colleges, which has been, I think, the pleasantest time I ever spent in my life. . . . I am, however, so singular as to prefer Clare Hall to any of the rest. It is neat beyond description."

The worthies of Clare are, it must be confessed, for so maidenly a lodging a motley crowd. They begin and end with two fine nonconformists, Hugh Latimer and Siegfried Sassoon, a poem by the latter opening each of the volumes. Between them there is a long procession. Two College scamps: Robert Greene, "one of the small band of University men who made possible the development of the Elizabethan drama," who says in his "Repentance," "Being at the University of Cambridge I lit amongst wags as lewd

as myself with whom I consumed the flower of my youth"; and Dr. Dodd, tutor of Stanhope, first Earl of Chesterfield, whom Samuel Johnson's chivalrous humanity could not rescue from the gallows for forgery, but who still had the spirit (why does this book call it "vulgar gaucherie"?) to seek publication of his comedy "Sir Roger de Coverley" whilst awaiting execution in Newgate, and was the author of "Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare," which first introduced Goethe to Shakespeare, and "Dodd on Death" designed "to be given away by well-disposed persons at funerals," both written at West Ham, thus apostrophized:—

"Dear were thy shades, O, Ham! and dear,
O, Epping . . ."

Lord Hervey, whose face was "so finished that neither sickness nor passion could deprive it of colour," Pope's "Lord Fanny" and "Sporus,"

"That thing of silk,
That mere white curd of asses' milk . . .
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings,"

the personal resemblance to whom of Horace Walpole has been the occasion of scandal. Horace Mann, into whose window Horace Walpole could already toss the first epistles "of a series amounting to thousands" from across the way in King's. The three great Whig families of Pelham, Townshend, and Cornwallis, who dominated Clare in the eighteenth century; including Thomas Pelham, who beginning appropriately as Earl of Clare had himself created Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and then, to make sure of being Newcastle sole and *tout court*, Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyme as well; Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the Marquis Cornwallis, Commander-in-Chief in America and Governor-General of India. The Rev. Mr. Thomas Seaton, by whose will the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare, and the Greek Professor award a prize for a poem which shall enlarge on "one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being" annually for ever "till the subject is exhausted." William Cole the antiquary, who migrated to King's and wrote a History of that College in four volumes, but should, evidently, never have crossed the way, for to give King's the MSS. of his history would be, he wrote in 1778, "to throw them into a horsepond," the members of that society being "generally so conceited of their Latin and Greek that all other studies are barbarous"; and, when he had become tenant of the house at Milton which still belongs to the College and had spent £600 on it, "Cooke, the snotty-nosed head of it, had the rascality with Paddon, a dirty wretch and bursar suitable to him, to alter my lease and put new terms to it." Doctor Butler, the famous physician and "intolerable humorist." . . . But I must break off the endless list. It is certain that Clare men do not lack flavour.

Much more, too, belonging to the show and procession of these volumes we must pass by, the Lady of Clare herself, the College livings, what a difference it must make to a College to have had Mr. Phipps as Butler for forty years (1879-1919), the College Plate, the College connections with American history, and, in particular, the fascinating chapter of more than 200 pages setting forth *in extenso* the singular career of Nicholas Ferrar and the story of Little Gidding. On the other hand, one regrets the paucity of detail concerning the College Estates, as illustrating the economic history of the realm. But the Estates were small and scattered, and the College Muniments were destroyed by fire, a third of the way through the life of the College, in 1521. One subtraction, moreover, from the glories of the College I must venture to make. It is certain that Clare, much as the Clare High Table may wish the contrary, is *not* derived from the de Clares, but is *clairet*, light red wine, as distinct from *tent* or *tinto*, dark red wine.

Running through this book's enormous bulk, there is successfully achieved, as perhaps its highest quality, a certain magnificent *Silliness*—using this word, far from derogatorily, in its ancient sense—admirable and attractive to the reader. For it is this, I think, which carries off without pretence or pompousness what is, and must and should be, above all a work of sentiment. It does credit to the grave Fellows of a College that they should have lent themselves so willingly and with such harmonious collabora-

tion of pen and sympathy to the waywardness and grace of one of their number, the Editor of the volumes, Mr. Mansfield Forbes. Clothed in the finest dress of paper and black buckram, armed with intellect and learning, adorned with curiosity and fancy, there is here embodied the Sentiment of one of those of the ancient foundations of this country which have outlived the centuries with least loss of the past and least sacrifice of the present, a College. It is a gracious sight—worthy, but difficult, of imitation:—

"Clare Hall shall be your lasting Monument
And, though in other tombs you'd shrink away
And melt into corruption, and decay,
Your Fame this Charter to it selfe can give
Within this monument you'll ever live."

J. M. KEYNES.

GLADSTONE IN OLD AGE

The Personal Papers of Lord Rendel. (Ernest Benn. 18.)

ONE evening at Valescure, in the winter of 1892, when Gladstone was in his eighty-third year, the Bryces came to dine. "Mr. G.," we are told, "was in excellent form." He talked of many subjects and many people; of Hartington, and Disraeli; of Lord Rosebery and the Midlothian election; and of those three great national leaders, Napoleon, Cavour, and Bismarck. For Napoleon he had rather a surprising admiration, saying of him that if his career had not been one of 'portentous' action, he might have been equally great as a man of thought. Cavour he put "rather above Bismarck"; he had achieved a more difficult task, and was "somewhat more scrupulous." But that apparently was not high praise; for he regarded Bismarck as "perfectly unscrupulous"; he was, he said, full of "devil." And yet, no doubt, he was a great man, and "a nation-maker." But what exactly was this "devil," which seemed so necessary to leadership? Mr. G. explained that it was Huskisson's expression. When the question arose of Lord Goderich—goody Goderich as he was called—becoming Prime Minister, Huskisson said "he would not do; he had not devil enough."

Against Gladstone, in his prime, such a charge, you feel, could never have been even suggested; he was never deficient in that mysterious quality. His opponents, indeed, would often say of him that he had too much of it, and regarded him, in the matter of scruple, much as he regarded Bismarck; which was no doubt unjust. But it is interesting to observe how even in these Rendel papers, in which for the most part we see Gladstone as a very old man, traces of the old "devil" will now and then emerge. In this same winter, for instance, news had come of the defeat of Lord Hartington at Rossendale; and it might perhaps have been supposed that to an old man of eighty-two, who had gone to the South of France for his health, an election in Lancashire would appear remote and unimportant. But this is what Lord Rendel says:—

"I saw him at once. Its effect on his face was great. The young blood was in it and twenty years of age had fallen off. His exclamation was characteristic. 'And so this is the ground upon which Ireland has been coerced. No man has to answer more for coercion than Hartington, and his own constituency condemns him.'"

At another time, on hearing of the death of Cardinal Manning, he recalls the early days of their friendship when Manning was still in the Church of England, and especially an occasion, fifty-one years before, when Manning had applied for the vacant office of preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Gladstone, who was a member of the Tory Government of that day, was "much interested" in his obtaining it. Manning's competitor, he said, was a man "of placid gabble." The Benchers, however, preferred this fifth-rate man to Manning, who never showed any sign of displeasure at "the insult." But he himself "could have wished to have been Gregory the Great, and to have made all those Benchers who voted against Manning do penance."

Gladstone was, indeed, a man of many moods; so that you are continually surprised by the extraordinary range of his interests and the abundance of his vitality; but perhaps the main impression you get in these papers, especially in those which relate to the last three years of his life after

his retirement from the leadership, is of his calmness and magnanimity. Of Parnell, who had not only ruined the prospects of Home Rule by his egotism after the divorce proceedings, but had attacked Gladstone with great bitterness, he speaks always "with regret and a certain tenderness." Perhaps he still remembered that curious interview which he had with Mrs. O'Shea at St. Thomas's Hotel, on May 1st, 1882—when Gladstone was Prime Minister and Parnell had just emerged from prison—at which he told her that she might tell Parnell that he would never from that moment say a word against him; and in fact, he said, he never had. Speaking of Tyndale, who had also attacked him with extraordinary virulence, and his own "soft answer," he explains that it is a privilege and happiness of age not to care to quarrel with any one, not to be willing to make a single enemy." Still, sometimes the old fires would revive, as about the Armenian atrocities, or the growth of militarism. About the Naval Estimates for 1896 he was "glowing with indignation and deeply stirred"; but as a rule, even in the most intimate conversation, he is very slow to pass judgment on rivals or men who held his old offices. When he is reminded that Lord Salisbury had once voted for Irish disestablishment—in strange contrast to his present attitude—Gladstone observes in explanation that that was when Lord Salisbury was in much opposition to his own party and especially to Disraeli, and he adds laughingly, "That was when we were such great friends and we were so often at Hatfield." When one of the company criticizes Chamberlain's manners as "a trifle common," Mr. G. defends them. He considered them good, and a point in his favour. He remembered, however, having to speak up pretty strongly for him to the Queen when Chamberlain first became Minister. "Now," added Gladstone, with a smile, "I might be thankful if Chamberlain would speak a good word for me in that quarter." Of Gladstone's own manners, Lord Rendel declares that in the opinion of the best judges "they were not merely good, they were perfect"; which bears out the saying of a fellow of All Souls, "an intolerant Tory," who saw him continually during a visit he paid to the College near the end of his life, and declared that he was "much the finest gentleman he had ever met."

PHILIP MORRELL.

PERSIAN ART

An Introduction to Persian Art. By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.)

Persian Painting. By BASIL GRAY. (Benn. 6s. 6d.)

Persian Painting. By MULK RAJ ANAND. (Faber & Faber. 1s.)

LIKE the Italian Exhibition of last year, the Exhibition of Persian Art now being held at the Royal Academy has been the immediate cause of the publication of a number of books dealing with the art of the country in question. Persia needed to have this service done for her much more than Italy, and the three books under review may be recommended without hesitation as likely to supply in various degrees the kind of information that the public will require for the intelligent appreciation of the present exhibition. With the exception of Murdoch Smith's "South Kensington Handbook," a pioneer work which appeared as long ago as 1876, Mr. Pope's book is actually the first considerable survey of all the arts of Persia to be published in any country, though this unexpected fact is explained by the preference which most scholars have had for treating Persian art under the wider range of Islamic art, to which it mostly belongs, if we exclude the Sasanian period (A.D. 226-641—a date which I take on the authority of Sir Denison Ross, for all the three books reviewed here give different figures). Sasanian art is important, because it represents the rebirth of the artistic impulse which had become exhausted with the decadence of the Græco-Roman tradition. But it was the forcing-ground of influences that spread in every direction, and any consideration of Sasanian art cannot be confined to Persia. Moreover, the actual survivals of Sasanian art are few—so few that not a single one is included among the hundred odd illustrations to Mr. Pope's volume. This is not said with any depreciatory intention, but merely to warn the innocent seeker after

knowledge that the term "Persian" is in danger of being forced into a meaning that covers a multitude of disparate facts and forces. What is normally meant by Persian art and by Persian style belongs to the Islamic period, and cannot be studied in isolation from the general art of that period, which is common to many other countries besides Persia.

Naturally there existed from time to time local concentrations of a particular craft or style, and these lend themselves to separate monographs. Persian painting is such a craft; it was indigenous in its origins, and though it spread far and wide, it maintained its original traditions. The introductory surveys of the subject written by Mr. Gray and Mr. Anand compress a good deal into a short space, but are in no sense dry summaries. Mr. Gray, whose book has the advantage of fifteen well-chosen plates, has many interesting critical observations to make. He remarks, for example, on the curious fact that the great period of Persian culture is under foreign dynasties, and that with the rise of a national dynasty (the Safavids) decadence soon set in. He also emphasizes what a modern economist would call the parasitic nature of Persian art; it was never the expression of any communal feeling, never the servant of a national religion. "With the Mohammedan conquest the field of painting was permanently limited. Banned by the religion of the country, representational art was confined to the palaces of the great: painting in Persia was never in any sense popular. The painters of Persia were humble servants in aristocratic households." The distinction of Mr. Anand's essay is that it is the work of an Oriental critic, one in whom we are not disappointed to find a special sensibility, an intimate sympathy and understanding of Persian art, and one who can, moreover, express himself in clear and graceful English. His appreciation of the art of Bihzad, the greatest of Persian painters, bringing it clearly into relation with Sufism and with Persian romanticism generally, is particularly well done.

Because the subject of Persian painting is so well covered by these and other books, Mr. Pope does not give much attention to it in his general survey. That survey includes chapters on architecture, ceramics, carpets, other textiles, metalwork, glass, jewellery, and gardens. A book of this nature, in a journal like *THE NATION*, puts the reviewer in a dilemma. As a general survey, and ignoring details that are only of interest to the specialist, the book is admirable in its plan, and throughout written with insight and intelligent enthusiasm. In detail, however, it would be possible to disagree with and even to contradict Mr. Pope. The reviewer must let that pass with the hope that anyone who intends to master the intricacies of archaeological research will weigh the evidence for himself. On two matters, however, the reviewer must protest. One is the use of a bastard jargon which is neither learned nor beautiful, however terrifying it may be to the outsider. Why, for example, describe a pattern as a "stellate entrelac" when all you mean is a star-shaped interlacement? The other matter is the difficult question of the transliteration of proper names. There are two categories: names for which no English equivalent is in usage, and names for which an English equivalent has the sanction of long usage. In the first case, the matter may be left to expert linguists. But, in the second case, the attempt to carry through a logical reform is nothing but tiresome pedantry. Mr. Pope does not descend to the absurdity of Qur'an for Koran, but he would like us to say Ray (others want Rayy) for Rhages, which has Biblical sanction, Arak for Sultanabad, and so on. His argument is that Rhages, for example, is merely the Greek name for a city which at the time the potteries for which it is famous were made and ever since has been known as Ray. On the same argument we ought to say Stamboul for Constantinople, München for Munich, Baile Atha Cliath for Dublin, and so on. The only criterion in such matters is English usage, and once a name becomes enshrined in our literature, however inexact it may be, the pedants must accept it. But it is unfair to Mr. Pope's book to expatiate so much on these details. Instead, it should be made clear that Mr. Pope is far from being a critic and historian of narrow interests. His criticism has a philosophical background, his sensibility is acute, and his

chapters on "Formative Factors in Persian Art" and "The Expansion of Persian Art" are fresh and fertile in intellectual interest. The illustrations, though not so representative as they might have been, match the interest of the text; four or five of them, however, ought not to survive the scrutiny of a second edition.

HERBERT READ.

THE ADAMS FAMILY

The Adams Family. By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS. (Oxford University Press, and Milford. 18s.)

Letters of Henry Adams (1858-1891). Edited by WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD. (Constable. 21s.)

A GOOD many people who enjoy somewhat out-of-the-way individual books which are not great masterpieces or profound philosophies have come across and appreciated "The Education of Henry Adams," the ruminating autobiography of that dilettante, rather disappointed and melancholy American who never quite succeeded in finding his spiritual home on either side the Atlantic. This side of the Atlantic Henry Adams is the best known of his family, and there must be few Englishmen who know from what a very remarkable family he sprang. Henry's father was Charles Francis Adams, who deserves an honourable place in history as ambassador in London during the American Civil War. Charles Francis was a man of character, like all the Adamses, and of subtle intelligence, like many of them. He was the best diplomatist ever produced by the United States, and showed himself more than a match for old Pam and Lord John Russell. He did as much as, probably more than, anyone to prevent war breaking out between the Northern States and England. Like all great ambassadors—and how few there have been in history!—he knew how to combine great independence in judgment and action with scrupulous loyalty to the spirit of his instructions. The father of Charles Francis was John Quincy Adams, whom some would say was greatest of them all. He reached the highest rung on the political ladder, the Presidency of the United States, from which he fell with a resounding fall, only to rise again in one of the most curious political resurrections known to history. The Adams character was certainly at its strongest in John Quincy, and he, too, was a man of very considerable intellect. His father was John Adams, the founder of the family, also a President of the United States, and one who ranks with Washington and Jefferson as a leader in the American Revolution and a creator of the United States of America.

Those who wish to increase their knowledge of this remarkable succession of fathers and sons or to continue and extend their acquaintance with the author of "The Education of Henry Adams," are given an opportunity of doing so by the publication of the two books now under review. To take the last first, after "The Education" Henry Adams's letters are a little disappointing. If you are born in the fourth generation of a distinguished family, it is extremely difficult to bear up against the weight of your ancestors. The burden of two Presidents of the United States and an ambassadorial father and the Adams character was too much for Henry. He wilted when a young man and never completely revived. An Adams who did not become President of the United States must be a failure, and he knew he would never be President, so he did not go into politics or embark on any regular "career." To start life and continue it as a failure is depressing, and Henry was always psychologically surrounded by a slight aura of depression. Mentally and emotionally his temperature was sub-normal. These characteristics give a flavour and savour of its own to "The Education," a book in which depression and disillusionment have their artistic justification. But these states of mind are dangerous foundations for letter writing. In bulk Henry's letters are too flat and low in tone. Every now and then they contain something of real interest, but, taken as a whole, the book, it must be confessed, is rather dull and boring.

The family itself is really more interesting than the author of "The Education." Mr. James Truslow Adams has taken the family as the hero of his book, which has



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RICHARD KING in *The Tatler*.

merits and is well worth reading. If Mr. Adams had stuck closer to the family, and had not allowed himself to slip into the easier method of making his work a series of biographies of its different members, it would have been still better. Even as it is, he shows the nature and development of the Adams stock with certain marked characteristics. He traces its origins back to the first years of the seventeenth century in the Somersetshire yeoman Henry Adams, who emigrated to Massachusetts in 1636. For one hundred years nothing particular happened, and then suddenly the Adams family was born in John Adams. The characteristics once established were born and born again in nearly all his descendants. An extraordinary independence and aloofness marked all the Adamses. They not only went their own way, undeviating from their own beliefs and principles, but they were always individuals, never members of a party, a crowd, or even a nation. An Adams seems to have been born without even a trace of that herd instinct so strong in most men. This accounts for their ungraciousness, their unpopularity, the isolation of John Quincy, and the rather sterile aloofness of Henry. It accounts, too, for the fact, noticed by Mr. Adams, that they remained fundamentally English, while the rest of America became American. The history of the family was determined by this inability to take the colour of its environment, while retaining its vigour, its passionate beliefs, its ambitions, its keen intelligence, its courage, and—until the fourth generation—its terrific energy. As the system of party politics developed in America, it became clear that there would soon be no place for an Adams there, and the *fin-de-siècle* of the fourth generation was already foreshadowed in the tremendous epic of the second. In politics, there are few stranger feats and no more moving story than that of John Quincy Adams, the ex-President, returning to Congress as an ordinary and extremely unpopular member, and by persistence, and strength of principle, and force of character, single-handed winning, as an old man, his inconceivable victory.

LEONARD WOOLF.

A LOST CAUSE

The Jameson Raid. By H. M. HOLE. (Philip Allan. 15s.)

THIS graphic account of an event which made a great stir in its time, but which now seems very remote, should interest many to whom it will have the charm of a newly told tale, because the Jameson Raid was the most outstanding and extraordinary feature of the attempted revolt in the Transvaal in 1896, and its effects were felt far beyond the Transvaal for long after the abortive main plot had been forgotten.

If revolt by a foreign minority against a corrupt and tyrannical government is ever justified, it was justified in the case of the Uitlanders on the Witwatersrand in 1896, and if ever the promoters of such a movement had a reasonable hope of success the "Reformers" had it then. A community composed of the most part of energetic and enterprising young men, smarting under the injuries and insults of a Government they hated, the command of practically unlimited funds (since they had the wealth of the gold mines behind them) the goodwill and more or less active support of the neighbouring British colonies, with the knowledge that no armed force could be brought against them except after considerable delay, were favourable factors enough to warrant the greatest optimism, and yet there was probably never an attempt which failed more pitifully. And although Jameson and the other officials of the Chartered Company in Bechuanaland and Rhodesia had no right to lend their assistance, which meant the invasion by armed forces of what was technically a friendly State, there is hardly ground for the opinion that the practical failure of the scheme can be laid to their account. Nor did it fail because of any unexpected strength or superior skill on the part of the Boers, or from defects in the original plan, but from inherent inefficiency of organization, and from a loss of nerve on the part of the leaders in Johannesburg as the crucial moment for action approached. Given this, there was never a chance of success. The Boers scored all along

the line, and the Reformers were left with their schemes in ruins and their reputations badly damaged.

Colonel Hole is undoubtedly right in stressing the fact that there were too many leaders. Affairs were controlled by a large committee of the National Union, and later by the Reform Committee, and war cannot be successfully conducted by a debating society. Instead of efficient leadership and clear-cut instructions, the eager crowds who composed the rank and file of the movement received vacillating and contradictory directions and advice. There were at least a dozen members of the Reform Committee who were capable of carrying the affair to a successful issue if they had been given a free hand, but with the multitude of councillors and the numerous policies and changes of plan they were given no chance to act. Obviously secrecy was impossible; before any action had been taken the plot was being discussed not only everywhere in Johannesburg, but also in every club and military mess in South Africa. Colonel Hole rather suggests that Jameson's start gave the game away, but days before that Kruger had made his famous "tortoise" speech—"Take a tortoise; if you want to kill it, you must wait until it puts out its head, and then you cut it off"—the burgher commandoes were mustering, and, indeed, it was knowledge of that fact which made Jameson take action. He knew that he could not hope to get into Johannesburg if his start were delayed any longer—if he could get in the plot might possibly still succeed—if he did not start, or failed to get through, there was no hope for the Reformers, and so he took the chance, unfortunately for himself and his associates.

Colonel Hole gives many excellent character-sketches of the principal actors, but his estimate of Jameson himself strikes one as being hardly fair. When he accuses him of arrogance and says: "It was this overweening self-confidence—this megalomania—which drove him and with him those who trusted him, to disaster," few people who knew Jameson will agree, nor is there proof of it in Jameson's actions. It is true that he did refer before the Select Committee, as Colonel Hole says, to "my force," "my judgment," "my arrangements," but he inferred by that "my responsibility," and "my fault" with the praiseworthy object of saving as far as possible those who had trusted and followed him.

ALLAN MACGREGOR.

AFTER THE GEORGIANS

Winter Movement, and Other Poems. By JULIAN BELL. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

It may be said that in the majority of these poems there has been an attempt to expand and carry forward the Georgian tradition of nature poetry. Though Mr. Bell has obviously assimilated other influences for his purpose—I notice especially a turn of phrase and an adjective reminiscent of G. M. Hopkins—this tradition seems to have been the basis from which he commenced to write; and so far as I know he is the only younger poet who has made a deliberate attempt to reopen this Georgian approach to nature, and, purging it of the sentimental, to instil it with new life. Even though one may consider the tradition to be exhausted and never to have possessed the foundation for a further development, it would be uncritical on that ground to condemn these poems without a hearing. Yet Mr. Bell himself seems to realize the impossibility of any final achievement along these lines, and in the last poems of the volume there appears a marked change.

The excellences of these earlier poems, however, are many. The writer knows the country, not at second hand, but intimately and personally; his eyes are trained and he sees—and how few people manage to acquire even sight! Further, in his descriptions he uses a nice selection, and has a strong sense for the right word. Such phrases as "the tunnel of the cloying limes," and the "enamel dragon-flies" could not be bettered. But sometimes he fails to realize that in poetry description alone gets in the end nowhere. "Chaffinches," for instance, is the record of a studied and most accurate observation, but it is not poetry;

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the same applies to the "Still Life" pieces which even as pictures do not carry the same conviction.

Mr. Bell uses difficult metres with success, and in the title poem "Winter Movement"—the most impressive of his nature poems—achieves extraordinary effects by variations and changes of metre. His knowledge of consonant and vowel technique, always prominent, is used to good purpose in this poem:—

"Soaking and freezing the stiff wind beats each

Twig, bough, pole, grassblade, sedge and reed bed and rush
clump

Constrained, rigid, and bent.

In the wind boughs black hurtle and crash. The shallow root
elms that reach

Up tall branches come with a whirling sweep, fire crackling
thump

To the cold clod clay, root rent."

Mr. Bell avoids that looseness which characterizes so much nature poetry; general terms, vague epithets, and the bane of the compound adjective are not to be found. On the other hand, precision of imagery and description seem for Mr. Bell to preclude overtones; and with the consequent lack of indirect association one of the great charms of poetry is lost to his verse.

In three or four of the last of these poems there appears, as I have said, a marked change. Realizing the *cul-de-sac* of Georgianism Mr. Bell seems to have turned to the eighteenth century, and in a happy moment to the inspiration that produced the "Ballade of the Dancing Shadows." This fantasy is a fine poem of overtone. The first four lines open the poem on an emotional plane, the intensity of which is sustained to the end:—

"The roundabout to Babylon
Goes up, goes down, comes back again
Forever dances, dances on.
(And we have left our loves in Spain.)"

Mr. Bell, realizing that beauty resides in the particular, a thing which so few young poets grasp (they accept unwillingly the limitations of the particular, which they are forced to use, as the vehicle for a general passion, "*loin de comprendre que l'art ne respire que dans le particulier*"), finds in Pope a master most congenial to him. In this manner "Nimrod" is his best study; witty and satirical to a degree, the whole poem is worthy of quotation.

It now remains to consider Mr. Bell's position among the Cambridge writers of his own generation. In his return to Pope, as model and master, he is followed by a certain number of his contemporaries; otherwise he stands almost alone, and leading with one or two followers a forlorn hope against "modernism" and "obscurity," he remains outside the prevailing literary trend. In so short a space it is impossible to touch on more than its barest outline, or to mention more than a few names. As might be expected, the French Symbolists, the Metaphysicals, and Mr. Eliot exert a strong influence—more recently has been added to their number Mr. Empson, who left Cambridge little over a year ago. Practically no one, with the exception of Mr. Bell, seems to have escaped the attraction of these poets. However, their influence has not always been wholly beneficial, and it is with relief that one sees a writer like Hugh Sykes—a Surrealiste if ever there was one, and quite out of his element amongst the intellectual subtleties of the Schoolmen—detaching himself from the burden of unnatural connections, imposed by time and place. On others the effects of prevailing fashion are still more marked, for instance, J. Bronowski, a writer with a surprising sense of imagery and association, has been completely swamped by Mr. Eliot; as to a lesser degree has J. M. Reeves.

John Davenport and Michael Redgrave, who may be said to represent a central position, seem in addition to have read the Sitwells to good purpose. Davenport is perhaps the most mature figure among young Cambridge writers; as a critic he is excellent, but his verse, though vigorous and with a solid intellectual foundation, lacks that just feeling for words and perfect appreciation of their value which are usually the hall-mark of a poet, and which Redgrave possesses to an astonishing degree. The latter, better than anyone, has grasped Mr. Empson's superb

rhythms and has used them for his own purposes, and though he has undergone the most divergent influences, has yet carefully preserved his own identity.

One wonders whether in this output there are the seeds of further development, and perhaps of a new attitude? It is difficult to say what the next critical years will produce; possibly a return to simplicity, not so much of thought as of expression; a desire for maturity and perfection of language, rather than for width and experiment.

H. R. F.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Industrial Efficiency of India. By RAJANI KANTA DAS. (King. 8s. 6d.)

It is all to the good that intelligent Indians, who have travelled outside their own country, should begin to look for other causes of poverty in India besides over-population and foreign exploitation. It will probably be found during the next decade that there is no cure for over-population, and that foreign exploitation is not such an important or such a wholly injurious factor as is usually stated. The author has produced a clear and comprehensive analysis of the main causes of India's industrial inefficiency. A valuable book, and probably right in its insistence that research should be an All-Indian, or what we must now call a Federal, subject.

Gulab Singh. Founder of Kashmir. By K. M. PANIKKAR. (Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d.)

There were few more interesting figures in pre-Mutiny India than the wily "Ulysses of the Hills," who, by a judicious mixture of courage and cunning, raised himself from a subordinate position in the service of Ranjit Singh to become the ruling chief of Jammu and Kashmir. This is an interesting and very readable book, giving a succinct account of Gulab Singh's remarkable career with just enough of the tangled history of the Punjab and the Frontier to explain the long series of wars and intrigues in which he spent his life. Mr. Panikkar is a trifle ingenuous when describing some of Gulab Singh's activities previous to the Second Sikh War, but he points out, quite fairly, that most of our knowledge of this period is derived from writers whose sympathies are with the Sikhs. Gulab Singh could claim to be almost the only Indian leader who had extended her geographical boundaries, for he subdued Ladak, and even had the temerity to invade Tibet. It is to be hoped that other of Mr. Panikkar's countrymen will give us some equally balanced and well-written biographies of Indian leaders during the early days of the British occupation. Ranjit Singh himself would make an excellent subject.

On the Trail. By FRANK HARRIS. (Lane; The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

The legend of Mr. Frank Harris's early life here finds confirmation and embellishment. If only a quarter of this book is true—and there is no reason to doubt a word of it—we may realize how well and soundly Mr. Harris learned his craft. Life as a cowboy, learning to shoot and ride, adventuring in peril of Indians, and running a blockade; none of these figures in the curriculum of our modern schools of authorship, but, for the right man, they do as well, and better. This book alone would prove their value. It is most excellently written, in the barest, most businesslike style. So successfully has Mr. Harris concealed his art that "On the Trail" will make a perfect Christmas present for the outdoor man or boy, and may be equally well given to the man of letters. There are one or two characteristic fanfares in the first chapter or so, but once Mr. Harris has settled down, his story goes on without faltering or digression to the end; when, having successfully conveyed his cattle on the long railroad journey, he pockets his wealth, and stands with the world before him. An exciting, vigorous book, which will find its author new admirers, and delight the old.

In Masquerade. By MARGARET BEHRENS. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.)

It is a sad fact, and one well known to all readers of novels, that the mere absence of what Mathew Arnold called a criticism of life is not sufficient to make a book light and

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readable. Lightness is not a negative quality; it results from the happy blending of such positive things as crispness of style, humour, and, above all, vitality. They are all to be found in Mrs. Behrens' first novel. The characters, though dressed in "plus-fours" and jumpers, are really fairies, not subject to the moral law, and with no other business than that of charming and entertaining us with their pranks and moonlight revels. And the plot has some of the elegance and precision of the classical farce.

A LITERARY POCKET-BOOK

Messrs. Cape have issued a first set of volumes in a new "Life and Letters Series"—non-fiction at 4s. 6d., beautifully and gracefully produced. We may name one or two of the works now available in this style: "The Enormous Room," by E. E. Cummings, "Earlham," by Percy Lubbock, "John Knox," by Edwin Muir, "The Pleasures of Architecture," by C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Indeed, the collection promises admirably both for the mind and the bookcase.

A collected edition of the works of Sir Reginald Rankin is being published by the Bodley Head (12s. 6d. each). Colonel Rankin has a wide reputation as a soldier, war correspondent, traveller, and explorer. Of his earlier works the first to reappear are "A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife" (a minor classic of the Boer War which thoroughly merits a first or second reading) and "A Tour in the Himalayas," which has not before been published in book form. This readable diary would have been improved by a short introduction explaining the circumstances under which it came to be written.

Writers when they write about their craft may excite the disagreement of their fellows, but they generally excite their interest; nor will T. Michael Pope's "The Fleet Street Book" (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) fail to do so. This posthumous work of editorship is a highly successful attempt to include in one volume a collection of impressions of Fleet Street by those who have mostly abandoned it. Except occasionally in retrospect, this is not the Fleet Street of the newspaper man, but essentially of the "literary" journalist. However, there are many highly entertaining contributions, which will be read with pleasure, by such authors as Arthur Machen, J. B. Priestley, Martin Armstrong, and Hilaire Belloc.

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Dr. H. L. Wilson, 132, Lawrence Street, York.

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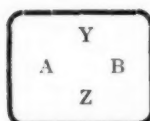
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fusing, this); those who possess the work in question will be best advised to throw it away. Mr. Manning Foster has become a convert to the Forcing system, and the main lines of his new book run parallel to those of the "Contract Bridge Blue Book." The 2½ honour-trick minimum for an original bid; the No-Trump response to a suit bid to show minimum supporting strength; the forcing two-bid and forcing take-out (a jump bid in a second suit)—these and other principles, and their various corollaries, are clearly and effectively set forth.

There is also a wealth of illustrative material, with little of which do I find any cause to quarrel. An important question of principle is raised, however, by the following hand (page 80):—

♠ K J 4 3 2
♥ None
♦ J 10 9 4 2
♣ 7 3 2



♠ None
♥ A Q 10 9 2
♦ A K 8
♣ A K Q J 4

Mr. Manning Foster bids this hand as follows: Z, Two Hearts; Y, Two Spades; Z, Four Clubs; Y, Four Diamonds; Z, Six Diamonds. And speaking of Z's second bid (Four Clubs), he says, "This jump bid compels Y to bid again."

Now here—if Mr. Manning Foster is prepared to stand by his bid—there is an important divergence of practice between him and Mr. Culbertson. The Forcing system principle is, "Once forcing, always forcing," i.e., once a forcing bid has been made, the bidding should not be allowed to drop till a game contract is reached. The second "force" of Four Clubs is therefore quite unnecessary; Three Clubs will do just as well. Once it is known that the ultimate bid will be a bid for game (at least), successive bids (below a game contract) should be kept as low as possible; this will enable partners to exchange the maximum of information. In this case, of course, the final contract is the same as on Mr. Manning Foster's plan.

As a criticism of the book, the point is, of course, negligible; but the opportunity of discussing it, with reference to an actual hand, seems to me too good to be missed. For the rest, I am delighted to find that two such authorities as Manning Foster and Culbertson see eye to eye so closely.

From America comes a new and revised edition of Mr. Vanderbilt's book, "The New Contract Bridge" (Scribners, 6s.). Of books on bidding, this is perhaps the best written, and certainly the most attractively produced. Its diagrams, in black and red, are charmingly set out, and its general presentation reaches a high standard. For all that, I find it difficult to recommend it, except to those *cognoscenti* who are anxious to master all systems; for the simple reason that the Vanderbilt system is radically different from the Forcing system—one cannot play them both at once—and as now developed it is, in my view, a good deal more complicated. I will not attempt within the limits of this brief notice to do justice to Mr. Vanderbilt's ideas. They form a logically contained whole, and in the hands of good players they supply the framework for the exercise of a finished technique; but my advice to beginners who want to understand them is just to buy the book and study them for themselves. But as far as I can discover, they are making little headway in this country; and I think their complication and artificiality will always stand in their way.

RECENT GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

THE continual performances and recordings of "Bolero" and "Danse Rituelle du Feu" have probably blinded people to the fact that both Ravel and De Falla are composers of note. It is a relief to see that Columbia have now recorded what are probably their best works. "Daphnis and Chloe," of which the second suite has been recorded by the Straram Orchestra of Paris under Philippe Gaubert, is on an altogether larger scale than the other works of Ravel. The usual finesse and skill are there, but in conjunction with

a breadth, energy, and richness that he never seems to have recaptured. The work is well played, though the final dance loses some of its excitement through being rushed. (Columbia, two 12-in. records, LX105-6.)

De Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for orchestra with piano, belongs to his best period (it was written shortly before "The Three-Cornered Hat"). Formally speaking, it is rather weak, for De Falla seems unable to achieve continuity save through monotony, and has not Debussy's faculty of making the most inconsequent passages sound relevant. But his imaginative power and unerring sense of colour have never been better displayed than in this work. A not very polished, but always vigorous performance is given by the Orquesta de Sevilla, who slightly outweigh the pianist, Manuel Novarro. Like the Ravel, this work divides up rather awkwardly into disc-lengths. (Columbia, three 12-in. records, DX188-90.)

Decca have completed their enterprising series of Handel's string concertos with No. 12 in B minor. The recording unfortunately is not worthy of the fine performance, under Ansermet. (Decca, two 12-in., 79-80.)

The best orchestral record, technically speaking, is Bruno Walter's performance of the Siegfried Idyll (anonymous, though excellent, orchestra). Walter, quite apart from his skill in the concert-hall, seems to have a special genius for gramophone work. (Columbia, two 12-in. LX79-80.)

Beethoven's formidable Grosse Fugue has been recorded by the Lener Quartet. This work is definitely more enjoyable when followed with a miniature score. The violin writing, particularly on the gramophone, is of so incisive a nature that some of the inner part-writing tends to get obscured. This work still remains problematic, even after one hundred years. Far more than the counterpoint of Bach, it is the prototype of the cerebral counterpoint of the modern Central European school. It is one of the first works in which intellectual considerations actually outweigh purely musical ones. The difference in thought between this music and any earlier music can best be seen by comparing it with Mozart's Fugue for two pianos (also arranged for string quartet), a highly intellectual work, but one which maintains a perfect balance between intellectual and purely plastic considerations. The Grosse Fugue is a work to be studied carefully, and the records are invaluable (Columbia, two 12-in. records, LX103-4).

A selection of twelve Chopin Mazurkas has been recorded by Ignaz Friedman (Columbia, four 12-in., LX99-102). These delightful pieces are usually rather outweighed in concert programmes, and are heard at their best in a separate group like this. How Polish you like Polish music to sound is a matter for individual taste, and many will find Friedman's interpretations rather too capricious. His obsession with rhythmic points occasionally distorts the melodic line beyond recognition. The recording is good, on the whole, but has the unusual fault of bringing the bass into too great prominence (perhaps, though, the pianist is to blame). I prefer Friedman in the Kreutzer Sonata which he plays with Huberman. The performance is temperamental and explosive, but that, one feels sure, is what Beethoven would have wanted. (Columbia, four 12-in., LX72-5.) Huberman is also heard in those two well-worn favourites, the Air on the G string and the Brahms A major Waltz. His style seems better suited to the Brahms. (Columbia, 12-in. LX107.)

Vladimir Horowitz shows extraordinary virtuosity in Dohnanyi's Capriccio in F minor, an effective toccata-like piece. His playing of Liszt's First Valse Oubliée is also very brilliant, but I should have thought a hard brilliance was quite uncalled for in the interpretation of this charming and introspective little work which is as elusive as a Debussy Prelude (H.M.V., 10-in., DA1140). The recording is excellent, if a little hard.

Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" is so familiar that no one plays it. It is almost as a refreshing novelty that it reappears, played with delightful clarity by Irene Scharrer. (Columbia, 10-in., DB306.)

Marion Anderson's magnificent contralto voice puts life even into two songs from "Samson and Delilah," and makes one wonder why coloured artists have never been employed for those operatic rôles for which they would be eminently suitable. (H.M.V., 12-in., C2047.)

Christmas has produced a stack of seasonable choral records; but as I frankly can get little pleasure from the sound of the organ, and do not enjoy religious music on the gramophone, I cannot claim to judge them impartially. I can only apologize for not reviewing them.

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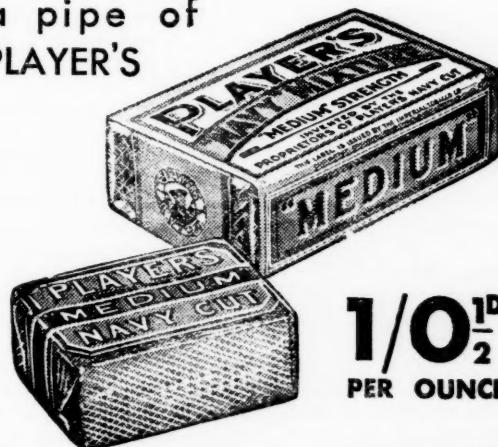
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

ARTIFICIAL "SUNSHINE"—GOLD AND WAR DEBTS—S. AMERICAN DOLLAR BONDS— AUSTRALIA

ONE cannot be inoculated against depression. A section of the popular Press is, however, busy conducting a "sunshine" campaign for the edification of those of us who work in the City or earn our living in commercial ways. I doubt whether it is good journalism: I am sure it is bad psychology. The Stock Exchange is in many respects a mental institution, and if, when it is told to expect "sunshine," it sees a further depression centred over Australia, or an evil smoke issuing from the British-American Tobacco meeting, or clouds from the East with a heavily depreciated silver lining, the mental reaction is made unduly severe. The stock markets can only recover when all the unpleasant facts have been faced. The next few months will see the publication of a series of unpalatable reports from industrial and trading companies covering a full year of the great slump. And no one in the City seriously believes that industry in this country is likely to recover until it has brought down its labour costs to equalize the wage reductions of its competitors or finds the real value of wages reduced by the imposition of tariffs. Wholesale prices, according to the *Economist* index, are now 1.3 per cent. below the pre-war level; the cost-of-living index is still 55 per cent. above. This maladjustment perpetuates the slump. Newspaper "sunshine" will not lessen the gap between the price-levels of primary products and manufactured goods.

The world trade recovery might be hastened by concerted action on the part of the Central Banks or by a scaling down of European war debt payments. As regards the first, the Midland Bank, in its January bulletin, draws attention to the flow of £241 millions of gold in the last two years to the vaults of the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Banks of America. The £241 millions were derived as to £118 millions by losses from Germany, Japan, Argentina, and Brazil, and as to £123 millions by the purchase of new gold. "The recent gold movements," says the Midland Bank, "have brought about an enormous concentration of gold stocks in the hands of creditor countries whose machinery for external lending is either not highly developed or not operating with freedom." Some of the Central Banks seem alive to the dangers of the gold situation; some do not. The recent decision of the Bank of France to accept gold of standard fineness may not be unacceptable to the Bank of England, but it suggests that nothing is to stop the flow of gold until the Bank of France chokes. As regards the scaling down of European war debts, I have already referred to the trend of American business opinion. Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, in his annual report to the proprietors of the Chase National Bank, the largest bank in the world, has just declared that it would be good business for the American Government to initiate a reduction in inter-Allied debts. Now the words of a successful man count in America, and Mr. Wiggin is one of the few American bankers whose prestige has been enhanced by the slump.

A ray of real sunshine is the improvement in the bond market in New York. Cheap money must eventually stimulate trade through this medium. Unfortunately, there is still some distress borrowing on the part of foreign Governments to clear off. Mr. Wiggin referred to the "inability of foreign countries to obtain dollars in sufficient amount both to make interest and amortization payments on their debts to us and to buy our exports in adequate volume." From the middle of 1924 to 1929 the United States delayed the adverse effects of high tariffs upon their export trade by heavy buying of foreign bonds. This brought about congestion in the New York bond market and when the world trade slump was followed by a few revolutions in South America and talk of a moratorium for Germany under the Young plan, the prices of foreign bonds fell sharply—in some cases to panic levels. The

following table reveals the extent of the price fluctuations in representative South American bonds:—

Dollar Bonds	1930 Prices		Middle Pre-sent Price	Flat Yield %
	High	Low		
Argentine 6% 1960 ...	100½	86½	91½	6.56
Buenos Ayres City 6½% 1955 ...	100½	87½	91	7.14
Bolivia 7% 1958 ...	84	44½	36	19.44
Brazil 6½% 1957 ...	88½	46	71	9.15
Chile 6% 1960 ...	94½	71	78	7.69
Colombia 6% 1961 ...	82	58	63½	9.45
Peru 6% 1960 ...	84	40	37½	16.11
San Paulo 7% Coffee Realization 1940 ...	96½	68	80½	8.70
Uruguay 6% 1964 ...	98½	80½	80½	7.45

All these dollar bonds are cheaper than the comparable issues in London. The Chile 6 per cent. 1912 sterling issue, for example, is quoted at 86.

The speculative investor will be anxious to pick up bargains in this list of dollar bonds. He may observe that Argentine bonds have already had as much recovery as they are entitled to at this stage. The new Argentine President has declared that it is the policy of the Provisional Government to return to the gold standard, "but without any violence or undue haste" (a fine revolutionary sentiment!). The peso exchange could be restored to its par value at any time by the proper use of the gold reserves. The Brazilian problem is more complicated, but the market in this case has acquired new hope on the announcement that Sir Otto Niemeyer has been asked to visit the Republic and advise upon the conversion of the Banco de Brazil into a Central Bank and the unification of the note issues. Peruvian and Bolivian bonds have fallen further. The level of the Peru bonds which are not specifically secured suggests that default is expected. The situation is obscure, but it appears that the new revolutionary Government is extremely shaky. Bolivia is also hard hit by the slump in the mines, and the possibility of a moratorium is being openly discussed in commercial circles. The outlook for Chilean bonds is complicated by the holding up of the negotiations for the Chilean nitrate issue ("Cosach"). In exchange for the nitrate export tax the Chilean Government was to be guaranteed by "Cosach" certain cash payments for a period of years which were to be provided for by an issue of £14,000,000 of debentures. If the "Cosach" issue breaks down, the financial position of the Chilean Government will be uncomfortable. On the whole, Brazil offers the best chance of a quick recovery—witness the latest returns of the San Paulo Coffee realization loan—but one must remember what happened to Australian stocks when Sir Otto Niemeyer had tendered his advice and left the country.

The slump in Australian stocks has now assumed alarming proportions. Selling from time to time becomes impossible as the market is unable to absorb the amount of stock which nervous holders are anxious to unload. The following table shows the extent of the fall:—

	High 1930	Prices Oct. 29, 1930	Prices Jan. 14, 1931	Flat Yield %
		1930	1931	
Australian 5% 1945-75 ...	95½	80	70	7.14
N.S. Wales 4% 1942-62 ...	77½	59½	52	7.69
N.S. Wales 5½% 1947-57 ...	96½	80	68	7.72
Queensland 6% 1930-40 ...	100½	93	80	7.50
W. Australia 4½% 1935-65 ...	83½	77	62	7.26

The sharp fall in the Australian exchange and the talk of currency inflation have thoroughly upset the nerves of stockholders. Nor is the prospect of the appointment of Mr. Theodore as Federal Treasurer likely to appease the market, for the City's experience of Mr. Theodore is unhappy. The fall in the Australian £ should, however, help to relieve the economic situation, for it stipulates the export trade and retards imports. Some measure of inflation in Australia seems inevitable, but the difficulty is to confine it within reasonable limits once it has started.

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